

Grand **Illustrated News**

VOL. XX.—No. 21.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1879.

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 { \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



RAILWAY FOR SALE.

SIR CHARLES :—"Rather an expensive toy that, Sonny."

PREMIER C :—" 'Deed it isn't, sir. Wouldn't think of selling it, only I'm rather hard up just now, and will let you have it cheap."

SIR C. :—" Well, I'll think about it. Call again in a few days."

PUBLIC NOTICE

is hereby given that under the Canada Joint Stock Companies' Act, 1877, letters patent have been issued under the Great Seal of the Dominion of Canada bearing date the first day of October, 1879, whereby the shareholders of the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Company, being a subsisting and valid corporation duly incorporated by letters patent bearing date the fourth day of November, 1874, under the authority of the Joint Stock Companies' Letters Patent Act of 1869, and carrying on the business of

Engraving, Lithographing, Printing and Publishing, in the City of Montreal, and all or every such person or persons as shall or may at any time hereafter become a shareholder or shareholders in the Company have been incorporated as a body corporate and politic with perpetual succession and a common seal by the name of

The Burland Lithographic Company (limited)

with all the rights and powers given by the said first mentioned Act and subject to all the terms and provisions thereof, and for the purpose of carrying on the business of

Engraving, Lithographing, Printing and Publishing, throughout the Dominion of Canada, with a total capital stock of

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

divided into two thousand shares of one hundred dollars each.

Dated at the Office of the Secretary of State of Canada this third day of November, 1879.

J. C. AIKINS,
Secretary of State.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

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TEMPERATURE,

As observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Nov. 16th, 1879.				Corresponding week, 1878.			
Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon. 50°	46°	48°		Mon. 40°	29°	34°	5
Tues. 48°	40°	44°		Tues. 40°	33°	36°	5
Wed. 46°	34°	40°		Wed. 47°	35°	41°	
Thur. 44°	34°	39°		Thur. 43°	37°	40°	
Frid. 54°	40°	47°		Frid. 36°	28°	32°	
Sat. 57°	49°	53°		Sat. 39°	27°	33°	
Sun. 55°	49°	52°		Sun. 43°	29°	36°	

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, November 22, 1879.

It is estimated that there are between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000 of men under arms in continental Europe. It is not surprising that there is a scarcity of bread-stuff there even were the weather favorable to growing crops. With that number of men bearing arms on this continent—all consumers instead of producers—we should have very little surplus to exchange for the gold of the old world.

THE Quebec Government is to be memorialized to amend the School Act so as to provide that the taxes collected from joint stock companies shall in future be divided among the Catholic and Protestant School Boards in proportion to the amount of stock held by Catholic and Protestant stockholders in the school district instead of on the basis of the population of each as heretofore.

THE Liberal papers—and notably the *Globe*—dared the Conservatives to contest West Durham against Mr. BLAKE. The Conservatives wisely declined the challenge. In the first place, West Durham is a thick and thin Grit constituency, having held its own even in the deluge of September 17th. In the second place, the personal strength of Mr. Blake would have carried it against any opposition. After the Cape Breton election the Liberals had better rest awhile before testing the issues on the National Policy pure and simple.

On the other hand, the Conservatives are twitting the Liberals for not having opposed Mr. CHAPLEAU in Terrebonne. In our opinion, Mr. PREVOST showed his good sense in refusing to be victimized. Terrebonne is at present a stronghold of Conservatives, whatever it may have been in years past. Mr. MASSON, the Minister of Militia, practically controls it, and Mr. CHAPLEAU had, in addition to his personal popularity, the prestige of being Prime Minister of his native Province. The Conservatives, as a body, have no right to make capital out of this exceptional victory at Terrebonne.

THE truth is out finally. We hinted in our last issue, from reliable private information, that the deficit in the finances of the Province of Quebec was nearly \$700,000. This fact has now been made public from a certified report of the Provincial auditor. It is a very, very grave revelation. It is too late to inquire who is responsible for this miserable result, but one thing is very certain—that remedial measures must be applied without delay. We have had enough political wrangling. The time has come for downright honest work.

ALMOST every one of our illustrations this week has a description under a separate head, and with regard to the three cartoons our readers will readily seize their meaning. We specially call attention to the front page giving a humorous view of the contemplated negotiations between Sir CHARLES TUPPER, Minister of Railways, and Hon. Mr. CHAPLEAU, for the purchase of the North Shore Railway. We present the portrait of the late Gen. HOOKER, of the U. S. army, well known as "fighting Joe," and for his disastrous defeat by LEE at the battle of Chancellorville.

THERE has been a rather sharp, though courteous, passage at arms between Hon. PETER MITCHELL and Mr. THOMAS WHITE about the St. Paul and Pembina branch of the Pacific Railway. The former advocates the lease of the road to a well-known private corporation. The latter wants the Government to control the road. Of course, both gentlemen are inspired by the most disinterested and patriotic motives for the public weal. We shall not intervene in the contest, except to say this—that there is more in the controversy than appears on the surface, and that the Government will be strictly watched in the management of this most delicate affair.

WITH reference to our illustration of a ceremonial country wedding in Saxen-Altenburg, which appeared in our issue of the 15th inst., we know personally that, about 20 years ago, there was quite a little agitation in that part of Germany for the purpose of abolishing the then called Altenburg costume. The Duke, very much displeased at his subjects for trying to change a costume which his forefathers looked upon with much pride, resolved to give a grand ball, invited the leading farmers, and appeared with the Duchess and prominent citizens in the Altenburg costume. Since that time the peasants have not shown much inclination to lay aside the costume as illustrated in the *News*, though the present younger generation endeavours to adopt the style of the city swell.

U. S. CATTLE PROHIBITION.

It is at length definitely announced by the publication of an U. S. Consular circular letter that the importation of Canadian neat cattle will be prohibited in the United States after the first of December next. No reason is given; and none can be. There is no contagious cattle disease in Canada, and therefore the United States would run no risk in importing cattle from Canada. But there is contagious disease in the United States, and, therefore, Canada has had to prohibit the importation of U. S. cattle; as well for its own protection as to save itself from being scheduled in Great Britain in the same way that the United States are. The U. S. order is, therefore, very plainly an act of very petty retaliation without cause. But was this worth while? Was it worthy of the Government of a great people? And what earthly good will it do them? It is perfectly well known that Canada does not export cattle to the United States, except, indeed, a few prize animals for breeding purposes from such stock farms as that of Senator COCHRANE or Bow Park. They may deprive themselves of this means of improving their own stock, and, if they are satisfied, we are. But an unworthy act of this kind on the part of a great government can only have the effect of making unpleasant feeling.

CANADA SALMON IN ENGLAND.

We learn from the *Liverpool Post* that an experimental shipment of fresh salmon from Canada has just been made with every assurance of success in opening a new trade in food supplies. The salmon was caught in Canadian waters, packed in ice, transported across the Atlantic in the refrigerators of the Allan steamers, and landed in Liverpool in perfect condition. The fish are of large size, splendid symmetry, and equal in weight and soundness to the best produce of the Norwegian rivers. That they can be placed in the English market in excellent condition has now been proved by the receipt of several consignments, the principal of which reached Liverpool this week. No doubt the trade just opened will become an important one. Large quantities of "canned" or preserved salmon have been imported from California and Canada, but hitherto there has been no attempt to import fresh fish. The present experiments have shown that there is no practical difficulty in doing so, and we hear of immense quantities being already prepared for the English and continental markets. The fame of the Canadian rivers for salmon is known to anglers, and the supply is practically unlimited in quantity as it is excellent in quality. The extent of the yield may be inferred from the fact that during 1878 no less than 2,893,468 pounds of fresh salmon and 3,327,400 pounds of "canned" salmon were exported from Canada. The fresh salmon went exclusively to the United States, owing to the proximity of those markets, but now that it can be carried safely across the Atlantic no doubt an equally large demand will arise in England. The fish-mongers do not look with favour upon an experiment that threatens to flood the market with cheap, good food, and, perhaps, also to ruin their "rings" and fishery speculations. But the public will, no doubt, encourage a trade that promises to augment the food supplies of the people at a cheap price, as the fish can be landed at Liverpool at the cost of a few pence per pound.

PRICE OF WHEAT IN MANITOBA.

The *Toronto Globe* recently contained a short but very important letter on this subject. Its statement was to the effect that wheat is now selling at Emerson at only a trifle under the prices in Minnesota, the reason being that notwithstanding the U. S. duty of 20 cents per bushel, the drawback of 67½ cents per barrel of flour, manufactured from wheat wholly imported into the United States, and afterwards exported in flour, enables the Min-

neapolis miller to pay this duty on Manitoba wheat. The consequence is that there is now only the difference of freight, which is very trifling, between wheat at Emerson and wheat at St. Paul. It is stated that the hard, flinty nature of the Manitoba wheat, especially the Scotch Fife variety, will leave so small a residue when closely milled, that four bushels will easily make a barrel of flour. In other words, the U. S. miller will get a drawback of about 17 cents a bushel and have 44 pounds of offal with each barrel of flour, or the difference between 240 pounds of wheat and 196 pounds of flour. This renders trade possible, and, in fact, gives to it active vitality in view of the very great demand for Minneapolis flour, not only on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, but in Liverpool. The market is, of course, very valuable for Manitoba, pending the completion of the Thunder Bay Branch Railway; and after the completion of the work it will be valuable as an alternative market. There is another fact of interest which may be stated—namely, that the Minneapolis millers are very anxious to prevent the exportation of the North-West wheat, in the form of wheat, from a desire to maintain a monopoly of their brand of flour in Liverpool and New York. It has special excellence, and commands ten per cent. more than any other brand. It has also created a large trade, and built up within a few years the large and handsome city of Minneapolis—a city already as large as St. Paul. One further fact we may mention in this connection. We learn from a correspondent that Sir WILLIAM HOWLAND, who is largely interested in Ontario milling, informed the English Farmer Delegates a few days ago in Toronto, that Manitoba wheat was worth from 10 to 15 per cent. more than other wheat for the purpose of milling for flour. Here is alone a special value which will go far to pay the cost of freight. These facts are of great importance, as bearing on the prosperity of our new North-West.

THE GREAT WHEAT FIELDS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

We have frequently of late called attention to the immense resources of our North-Western wheat fields, and the more we learn about them the more we are impressed with the treasures which they have in store for the development of the Dominion. Evidence is every day accumulating from independent sources that the productiveness of the soil along the Red River, the Assiniboine and Little Saskatchewan valleys, is greater than in Minnesota or Dakota, and the yield of wheat is considerably larger. This is also the case throughout the whole Province of Manitoba. In a speech made by the Consul-General of the United States for Manitoba, as lately as the 3rd October, 1879, we have the following remarkable statement in regard to the plan of emigration westward:

He said that one of the great tides of emigration now was to the Northern Zone, "specially adapted to wheat growing and cattle raising. That included Canada, Wisconsin, Michigan partially, and Minnesota, but three-fourths of the great wheat producing belt of the continent lay north of the boundary. There the future bread supply of America, and of the old world too, would be raised." He went on to say "that he wished to allude to that which was also of very great moment, the meat supply. In his opinion the beef raised in this northern district to which he had referred, would be found to be superior in quality and superior in quantity to any that could be raised even on the plains of Texas and the adjoining States."

The weight of wheat per bushel grown in Manitoba is considerably heavier than in any portion of the United States, and the yield per acre is also very much more. The average yield in the whole of the United States is less than 13 bushels to the acre, whilst in Manitoba the average

is more than double that yield per acre. The land requires no clearing of timber. It simply needs to be ploughed and at once produces most productive crops, thus enabling settlers to avoid all the hardships known to backwoods-men in clearing up heavily-timbered lands.

Many laudable efforts are being made to open this great North-West to settlers and immigrants, and it is therefore a satisfaction to learn that the wealthy Hudson's Bay Company have also taken the field under the intelligent and energetic management of their new Land Commissioner, Mr. C. J. BRYDGES, who has just travelled over the ground himself and embodied his views in a valuable pamphlet, an advertisement of which appears in another column of this issue.

The Hudson's Bay Company are the owners, under the Dominion Lands Act, of two sections in every surveyed township in the great fertile belt. Each section consists of 640 acres, and will be sold either in block or in quarter sections of 160 acres each. In addition to these two sections in each township, a list is made out of lots owned by the Hudson's Bay Company, and which are now also offered for sale. They comprise some of the very best farms fronting on the Red and Assiniboine rivers. They include lands in the best prairie districts, capable of producing the largest and best crops of wheat; also land admirably adapted for cattle raising; and a large number of wood lots.

These lands are the choicest lots in the country, and are offered for sale on exceedingly easy terms of payment. The prices range from \$3 to \$6 per acre and upwards, according to location and other circumstances.

The terms of payment are remarkably easy, viz., one-eighth of the price in cash at the time of sale, and the balance in seven equal annual instalments, with interest at seven per cent. per annum on the amount due.

A purchaser of a farm of 160 acres, at say \$4 an acre, will only require to pay \$80 in cash, and an equal sum every year for seven years, with interest at seven per cent. per annum. A formal agreement is given him on the payment of the first instalment, which will be exchanged for a deed on the last payment being made.

THE LATE SENATOR CHANDLER.

Zachariah Chandler, United States Senator from Michigan, spoke at a political meeting in Chicago on the night of the 31st ult., and the next morning was found dead in his bed at the Grand Pacific Hotel. Having received a number of visitors in the afternoon, he complained to a friend of a pain in his chest. He took a nap, and when he awoke he again complained of pain, and expressed the belief that he had taken cold while speaking in an open tent at Janesville. After his return from the political meeting, he bade Mr. Spalding good-night at his room in the hotel, and requested the porter to call him at seven o'clock. As Mr. Spalding shook his hand he said, "I hope, Senator, you will arrive home safely, and have a quiet time. You have had a hard fight through this campaign." To this Senator Chandler replied, "I feel relieved to think I am so near the end." In the morning the porter found him dead in his bed. Mr. Chandler was born in Bedford, New Hampshire, December 10, 1813. There he spent his boyhood days, and received his education. When a young man he went to Detroit, Michigan, where he became a prosperous merchant. In 1851 he was elected Mayor of that city. A year later the Whigs ran him for Governor of the State, but he was defeated. He succeeded General Cass as Senator in the Thirty-fifth Congress. He was twice re-elected to the Senate, serving uninterruptedly from March, 4, 1857, to March 3, 1875. In October, 1875, he was appointed by President Grant to the position of Secretary of the Interior. During the national campaign of 1876 he was Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Of Mr. Chandler's recent service in the Senate little need be said, except that he took the seat vacated by the retirement of Senator Christianity, and on the 3rd of March last made a forcible speech against the bill granting a pension to Jefferson Davis, which profoundly impressed the country. The dead Senator left a fortune of several millions of dollars.

We beg to call attention to the Phonographic Upright Piano, a description of which is found among our advertisements. It is really a wonderful musical instrument, besides enjoying the advantage of being cheap.

TWO GREAT JOURNALISTS.

We present our readers to-day with the portraits of two men made famous in the exercise of their profession—William H. Russell and Archibald Forbes—the former the father of war correspondents, and the latter his most distinguished disciple.

I.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D.

This great journalist was born in Dublin on the 28th of March, 1821. He was first educated at what is termed a middle-class school, and from thence removed to Trinity College. After gaining some honours here, he came to London in order to study for the bar. He devoted a portion of his time to literary pursuits, and by the influence of his uncle, who was largely connected with the press, was introduced to the managers of the *Times* in 1843, and obtained an appointment on their staff as reporter. After awhile, a more lucrative offer was made to him on the *Morning Chronicle*, where he remained a few years, and then returned to the *Times*. He was also a contributor to "Household Words," "Bentley's Miscellany," and other publications.

During the war of 1849-50, he went to Denmark, and on his return was, in the following year, called to the bar (Middle Temple). In February, 1854, he went out to Malta with the vanguard of the British expedition; and subsequently accompanied the Light Division to Gallipoli. He proceeded with the first detachment from Gallipoli to Scutari, and from Scutari to Varna.

On the embarkation of the British troops for the Crimea, Mr. Russell was attached to the Second Division, and landed with it on the 14th September, 1854. At the battle of the Alma, which took place on the 20th, he was an eyewitness to what was at first presumed to be an ignominious defeat of our troops, but Sir Colin Campbell came to the rescue, and the Russians were driven back, and had the British troops followed up their first victory at Alma there is no doubt that the Crimean war would have ended long before it did.

Mr. Russell's accounts of this battle were read with avidity as fast as they arrived, as were also his vivid descriptions of the investment of Sebastopol, the battle of Balaklava, on the 25th of October, and the battle of Inkerman, November the 5th.

He shared the sufferings of the army during the winter and spring of 1854-5, and in June, 1855, accompanied the expedition to Kerch, and witnessed the attack of June 18th and the assault of the 8th September, which led to the evacuation of the south side of Sebastopol. Subsequently, he was with the expedition which reduced Kinburn.

On returning home, Mr. Russell had but little relaxation from his journalistic labours, for, in 1856, he proceeded to Moscow to describe the coronation of the Czar, and was received with much consideration. In the following year he was attached to the headquarters of Lord Clyde, in India. He was present at the siege and capture of Lucknow in 1858, the operations in Oude, the battle of Bareilly, and the actions in Rohileund, which preceded the suppression of the revolt.

In 1857 we find Mr. Russell in Italy, where he arrived on the eve of the armistice at Villa Franca; and in 1861 he proceeded to the United States. His account of the Federal retreat at the first battle of Bull Run excited much adverse feeling, while his description of other events during the American war were highly appreciated. He returned from America in 1863, and on the outbreak of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 he joined the headquarters of Benedek, and witnessed the battle of Königgratz on July 3rd.

Once more he returned, and then contested the borough of Chelsea at the general election as a Conservative candidate, but was unsuccessful. Two years later he accompanied the Prince of Wales to Constantinople, the Crimea, and Greece. When the war of 1870 broke out, Mr. Russell repaired to the headquarters of the Crown-Prince of Prussia, and was with it from the battle of Wörth (August 6th), the battle of Sedan (Sept. 1st), till the siege of Paris.

In 1875-6 he accompanied the Prince of Wales on his tour through India, meanwhile jotting off his experiences and the scenes he had witnessed in various volumes, and is now special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at the Cape and Zululand.

II.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

The hero of the "Ride from Ulundi," as far as we have been able to ascertain, was placed at the University of Aberdeen, there to remain until completely educated. But impatient of restraint, weary of college dullness, and panting for a bustling and exciting life, he threw aside his books, deserted the University, and enlisted into the Royal Dragoons, became a "rough rider" and a non-commissioned officer, and, after five years, obtained his discharge.

During these five years he showed considerable literary ability, devoting all his leisure time to the principal technical works in the barrack library, and on leaving the army adopted literature as a profession. His first ventures to the "Cornhill Magazine" and "St. Paul's Magazine" were mostly upon military subjects. He was so successful that occasional checks found their way to the barracks, much to the gratifica-

tion of his comrades in the troop-room, and perhaps sometimes a little to their demoralisation. He was still a young man, for Mr. Forbes, notwithstanding the scenes and battles he has witnessed, is even now only forty-one years of age, though the streaks of silver in his hair may cause him to look a little older.

Finding his articles so well received by the London editors, and as remuneration began to increase, he threw aside the sword for the pen, obtained his discharge, marked "good," and then launched on the sea of journalism. After striving hard for a little time on various literary works, he became editor of the *London Scotsman*, and then accepted the post of war correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser* during the early period of the Franco-German war. His letters attracted much attention, and, on his return from Metz, to resume his duties on the *London Scotsman*, he was immediately engaged by the manager of the *Daily News* to return to the scene of his labours at Metz; and at the same time it was arranged that he should send full telegrams of his letters instead of short telegrams of the principal items and events, as had been hitherto done. These letters soon attracted universal attention. His military knowledge and his early rough-riding enabled him quickly to outstrip other correspondents in conveying "early intelligence." He would grasp almost any position at once, and then gallop off to the nearest post-office to forward his news. He was on the spot at Sedan when the Emperor of the French gave up his sword to the Emperor of Germany; from thence he was the first newspaper correspondent to enter Paris after that eventful day.

The adventures and hair-breadth escapes of Mr. Forbes while mixed up with the scenes during the Commune rising would fill a volume. He was forced to assist at the barricades, and stratagems to forward his "copy" evidenced his vigorous and active mind. He passed through three campaigns in Spain; was in Serbia; was the first to record the result at Plevna, the battle in the Shipka Pass, and other stirring events. His often-recurring rides of more than a hundred miles at a time, in order to be the first to convey news, have deservedly won him world-wide fame.

A WEEK OF OPERA.

The visits of an opera company are few and far between in Montreal, and the mere announcement of the approaching appearance of an operatic troupe in our midst is sufficient to cause people to anticipate a treat. *Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum*, or in other words, it is not every one who has enjoyed or can enjoy the hearing of Patti's, Lucca's, Titiens or Nilsson's voice and we must fain be content with what is provided for us. And, in a sense, Montrealers are not hard to please, as those who witnessed the way in which the truncated efforts and burlesques upon singing and orchestration to which we were treated in the days of the Holmans, were rewarded with large and often enthusiastic audiences.

Miss Emma Abbott came to us with a newspaper reputation which must be taken with a good many grains of salt. Accustomed as we are here to the indiscriminate laudations of certain of our contemporaries in musical and dramatic matters, they certainly surpassed themselves in this instance, and with the exception of one or two among them, we will not say criticism, but not even a fair expression of facts was attempted. It may be true that there are few competent to undertake so delicate a task, but it is certainly true and a matter of public notoriety that a long advertisement insures a favourable "notice" and that newspaper proprietors feel themselves bound to give *quid pro quo*. And the public knows it. *Paul and Virginia* drew a crowded house on the opening night, when Madame Zelda Séguin, already favourably known to our dilettanti, reaped the applause which her fine contralto voice, her splendid stage presence and acting deserved. She held her own in every part wherein she appeared, and we are but paying a just compliment to this talented lady in saying that her name alone was a tower of strength to the company, and that she herself was the attraction that brought many to the Academy of Music. She reaped the lion's share of applause. Messrs. Tom Karl, Stoddard and Macdonald likewise become favourites among us. In the *Bohemian Girl*, the first-named gentleman gave as good a rendering as could be desired of "When other lips" and "Fair land of Poland." Mr. Stoddard distinguished himself especially as *Valentine* in Gounod's *Faust*, and Mr. Macdonald as the Count in the *Bohemian Girl* and *Mefistofele* in *Faust*. Mr. Ellis Ryse, once a favourite here, has sadly fallen from his estate. Miss Stone pleased her audience on the rare occasions on which she appeared. We are not disposed to indulge in hypercriticism respecting Miss Emma Abbott, being only too grateful for an occasional opportunity of listening to the best interpreters of modern song, but with all the good will in the world, we cannot refrain from saying that Miss Abbott has been injudiciously praised. Her voice is sweet, fresh, and true; the medium register being particularly rich, while the upper notes, however artistically used, are decidedly thin. That she is a fair interpreter of light opera, such as *Paul and Virginia* and the *Bohemian Girl* is unquestionable, but she lacks those more robust qualities which are indispensable to the proper rendering of such intense lyrics as is embodied in *Marguerite* and *Leon-*

ora. She has a pleasing figure, her acting, though conventional, is neither awkward nor strained, but she lacks variety of treatment and does not always adapt herself to the phases of her role. While all the operas were pretty much given in their entirety, we must object to the version of *Il Trovatore*, which differed throughout from that set down in the *libretti* sold on the occasion. Notwithstanding these little snatches of criticism, we only re-echo public sentiment when we declare that the thanks of the community are due to the enterprising manager who favoured us with the performances of a company, not perfect indeed, but far above the average of those that periodically visit us.

Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS, we are happy to see, is announced for two evening entertainments and a matinee. The evenings are to be Thursday and Friday, 20th and 21st, and the matinee Saturday, the 22nd inst. The programmes embrace the grave and gay, the lively and severe, and range from the immortal Shakespeare to the mortal Mark Twain. Shakespeare contributes: "The Taming of the Shrew," scenes from "A You Like It," "Hubert and Arthur," and several others, and Mark Twain a most roarable scene from the "Innocents Abroad," while between these two we see Scott, Moore, Parnell, Gilbert, and others, figuring. The style of Mrs. Siddons' reading is faultless, and the effect on her audience always heightened by her infinite grace and matchless beauty. The readings will take place in Nordheimer's Hall, under the management of Mr. DeZouche.

HUMOROUS.

THE Czar is building himself a yacht that will cost him a million of dollars. A man has just left Rochester for St. Petersburg, authorized to offer the Czar \$125 if he will call it "The Hop Bitters."

"YOUR American dinners are a revelation," said an English tourist, as he sat down to a table well garnished with green corn and watermelon. That night he dreamed of more curious things than St. John saw in the Isle of Patmos.

A WOMAN who was called as a witness in an assault case tried in the Edinburgh police court recently, on being asked by the magistrate what was the profession of her husband, answered promptly, "My husband is a bankrupt, sir."

A SHIRT has two arms, the same as pantaloons have two legs. Yet one is called a pair and the other is only one. Isn't it time that we let up on astronomy and paid more attention to the every-day trifles that vex the clearest minds?

THE *Hawkeye* says: "Lightning has been accused of some strange freaks lately. One day recently it struck a Jersey editor in the throat and passed down into his stomach. He paid his ten cents and it didn't hurt him a bit." This is a mistake, friend, it did burn when it struck.

Now is the time of a year that the young bride fondly gazes at seven fish knives, and a pair of sugar tongs, a napkin ring, and a clock, and sweetly whispers to the wedding guests that "the other presents are not displayed, owing to the wish of the givers, who hate publicity."

He was a new man in the big music store, she was a delicate blonde. She entered and approached the young man, timidly asked, "Have you 'Rocked in the cradle of the deep?'" He answered with a slight blush and some hesitation, gazing far away towards the horizon, "Well—I really couldn't say—I must have been very young at the time, if I did."

FASHION NOTES.

TIGERSKIN muffs are a recent novelty.

THE new greenish blue is known as Japonais.

WALKING dresses are short enough to show the shoe.

FICHUS will be more worn this winter than ever before.

THE hair is generally worn low, whether it is becoming or not.

FANCY feathers are the leading feature in bonnet trimmings.

MRS. HARRIET E. STANTON promises to exceed her mother in oratory.

BITS of tinsel, jet and many jet beads are added to feather ornaments.

THE latest contrast in suits imported from Paris is that of brown with green.

NEW muffs to match costumes are in reticulate shape, trimmed with lace or fringe.

THE new amaranth red has a purplish tinge, which makes it becoming to blondes.

BRIDESMAIDS at English weddings carry baskets of flowers instead of bouquets.

MORE than twenty new books by women are announced for immediate publication.

THE broad belts now in favour indicate a return to the short waists of twenty years ago.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD lives in a quiet home at Wayland, Mass. The home is an old one, of only a story and a half, of Quaker simplicity.

THE woman suffrage movement begins to assume importance on the Pacific coast. Several public meetings have lately been held in San Francisco.

OVERSKIRTS grow in popularity, and they are olne perceptibly toward the panier effects. The disposal of the trimmings is a matter of individual taste.

PLUSH jackets of various shapes are to be worn with street suits during the winter. The trimming on the hat or bonnet will be of the same material and colour.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Pimples eruptions on the face so annoying to the young and difficult to cure, can be entirely eradicated from the system by using ACNE PILLS. They contain nothing injurious nor, apart from the disease do they in any way affect the constitution, save as a healthy tonic and an aid to digestion. Box with full directions for treatment and cure mailed to any part of Canada for \$1. Sample packets 12 cents in stamps, address, W. Hear, Chemist Ottawa. e-2-w

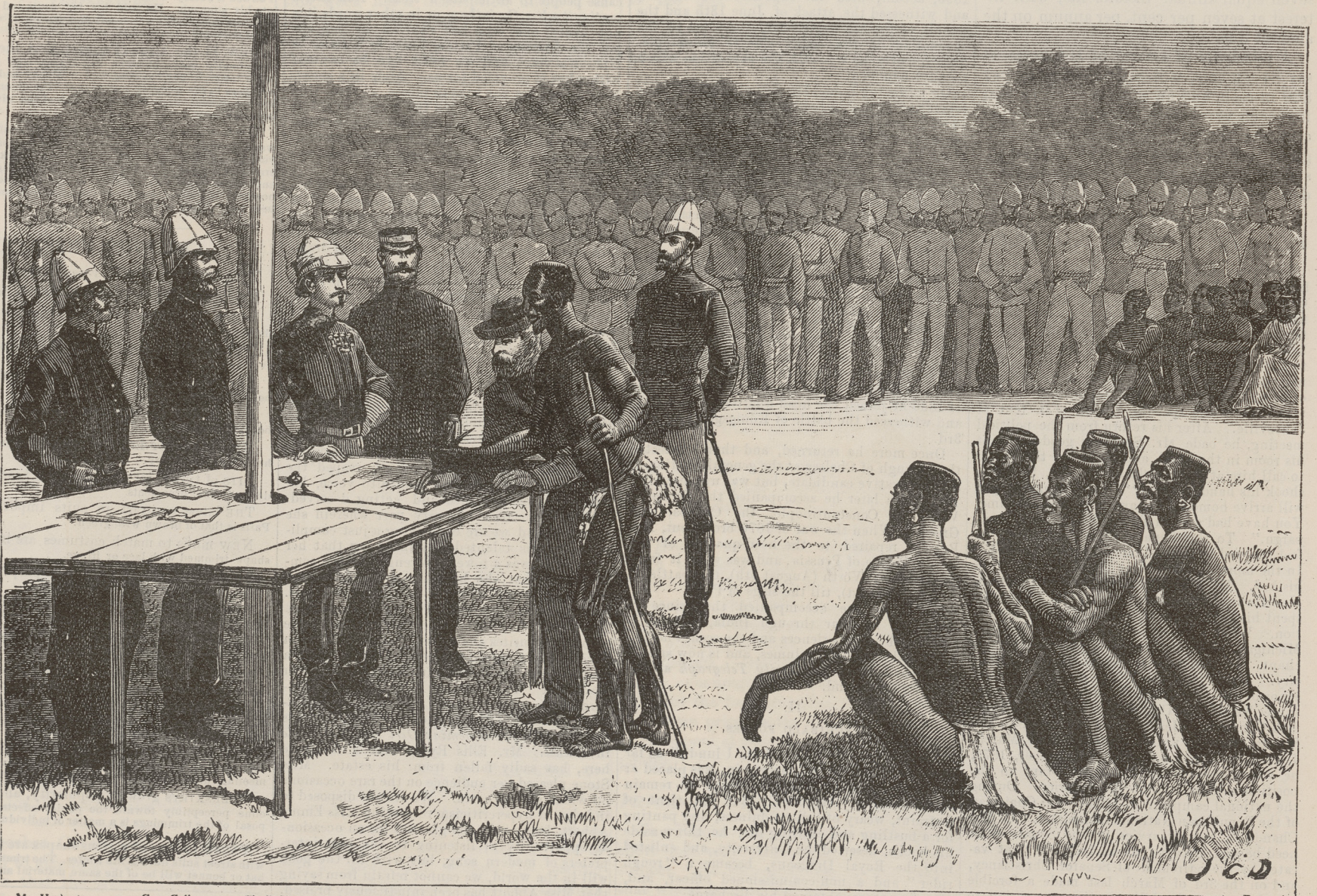
TWO FAMOUS JOURNALISTS.



ARCHIBALD FORBES.



WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, M. D.



Mr. Herbert

Gen. Colley

Sir G. Wolseley

Col. Brackenbury

Mr. T. Shepstone

Gaozi

THE ZULU WAR.—ZULU CHIEFS SIGNING ARTICLES OF PEACE.



THE LATE GENERAL HOOKER.



THE LATE U. S. SENATOR CHANDLER.



KING CETEWAYO RECEIVING VISITS AT THE CASTLE, CAPE TOWN.

REMEMBRANCE.

(TRANSLATED FROM ALFRED DE MUSSET.)

"It was in the beginning of this period of silence that I wrote one of the most beautiful of his poems, *Le Souvenir*. He had visited the forest of Fontainebleau in the month of September, 1840, and a few months later he put into verse the reminiscences, which were recalled by the scene of his old love for George Sand. The whole poem is most touching. But after it was published, he was filled with regret that he had given it to the world."—*North American Review*, September, 1878.

O sacred ground, in wandering back to thee
I thought to suffer, though I hoped to weep;
Thou dearest grave, unhonoured save by me,
Where hallowed memories sleep.

What find ye in this solitude to dread,
My friends? Why draw me by the hand away
When habit, grown so old and sweet, hath led
My footsteps here to stray.

I see the uplands and the blooming heath,
The silvery pathway o'er the Silent Land,
The walks, still redolent of loves' breath,
Where hand was clasped in hand.

The mountain gorge's careless tracks I mark,
Familiar murmurs once again I hear
From ancient pine-trees, crowned with verdure dark,
That soothed my boyhood's ear.

Here is the greenwood, where my youth once more
Sings like a choir of birds upon a tree;
Fair moorland, where my mistress strayed of yore,
Didst thou not look for me?

Nay, let them flow, these welcome, blissful tears,
That from a heart still bleeding take their rise,
And let the mist that veils long-buried years
Refresh my aching eyes.

These woods are witness that I once was blest,
Through them no echoes of a dirge shall roll;
Proud is this forest in its peaceful rest,
And proud, too, is my soul.

With bitter cries let some bereaved ones rave,
Who kneels despairing by a comrade's tomb,
Here all breathes life—the flowerets of the grave
Here cannot bud or bloom.

Behold! the moon is rising o'er the glade,
Thy glance still trembles, lovely queen of night,
But soon, dispelling the horizon's shade,
Thine orb shall glow with light.

As all the perfumes of the vanished day
Rise from the earth, still moistened with the dew
So from my chastened soul, beneath thy ray,
Old love is born anew.

Where are the sorrows gone that made me pale,
And left me prematurely old with pain?
I grow, while gazing on this friendly vale,
A joyous child again.

Oh! tender might of Time—oh! fleeting years,
Ye snatch each tear, and stifle each regret,
And, in your pity, on our faded flowers
Your feet are never set.

I bless thee, Time, kind angel of relief;
I had not thought love's wound e'er conceal
Anguish so keen, or that a victim's grief
Could be so sweet to feel.

Far be from me each time-worn thought and phrase
That oft in heartless epitaphs are read,
Wherewith the man who never loved, displays
His feelings for the dead.

Dante, thou said'st that in the hour of woe
Remembered happiness is sorrow's curse;
What spleen dictated thee that bitter moe,
That sorrow-scourning verse?

Must we forget that ever in the skies,
E'en when our night is darkest, light appears?
Didst thou spurn sorrow, thou, whose mournful eyes
Poured forth immortal tears?

No! by yon moon whose beams illumine my glance,
That vaulted blasphemy was not thy creed;
Memories of happiness on earth perchance
May happiness exceed.

Heaven on my head its lightnings now may fling
This memory cannot from my heart be torn;
To this, though wrecked by tempests, I will cling
Like mariner forlorn.

And oft I murmur: "At this time and place
I loved one day, and I loved again:
Time has no power the picture to efface,
While life and thought remain."

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

"WITH A SILVER LINING."

I.

A girl came singing through a field of poppies
as the sunset gilded the western sky.

Everywhere around her glowed the deep intense
scarlet of the brilliant blossoms. Above
her head were depths of purple shadow and am-
ber light, and over all brooded the dreamy still-
ness and tender hush that so often fill the day's
last hour.

The girl made a fair living picture amidst the
glow and fervour of that sunset scene, as she
moved through it all with a certain deer-like
grace peculiarly her own, while her lips sang for
very gladness, as a bird carols its matin praises
in the dawn of a spring day. The song rang out
sweet and clear over the quiet fields; it reached
the ears of a group of farm labourers returning
home from their work, and made them pause a
moment to listen, saying, smiling to one another
they stood, "Tis Miss Vera, sure eno'. God
bless her!"

It came in its fresh young melody to a man
who stood on the white level road beyond the
corn fields—a man old, and bent, and withered
with age, with a hard cold face and dreary eyes,
who leaned on his stick, and shaded his sight
from the sun-rays, and watched the girl coming
swiftly and joyously toward him, as he seldom
had watched any human thing.

As she saw him the music left her tongue.
Her step grew slower, and as his keen eyes swept
over her face she half paused, apparently doubt-
ing whether to speak or not. She knew him well
by sight, but hitherto he had always avoided
her.

"Singing again!" he said, in a voice as harsh
and cold as his face. "Are you so glad? One
never sees you without a smile on your lips—a
song on your tongue."

She flushed slightly.
"Yes, I am glad," she answered, simply.
"And why?—Can you tell me that? Have
you so much to make you so?"

"I have health, youth, love. Are they not
life's fairest gifts?"
"So fools say."

"And wise men, too, I fancy," the girl said,
gently. "But whether or no, if they make one
glad, should they not be valued? The old seem
so often to think that the light-heartedness of
youth is a reproach to themselves. I wonder
why."

"Do you mean that I think so?" he asked,
with a contemptuous smile. "I envy none their
youth—not even their gladness. I know how
swiftly the one flies, the other fades. There is
nothing good in life; the illusions of youth are
the veriest vanity. Some day you too will say
with me, 'There is nothing left; let me curse
Heaven and die!'"

The girl's face grew very pale.

"Oh, never that!" she said, sorrowfully.

"Never words so despairing, or so—wrong!"
The last word was spoken gently and humbly.
It was so daring of her, she felt, to upbraid one
so far beyond her in years, in knowledge, in ex-
perience.

"Wrong!" he said, bitterly, as he stood
and looked across the flaming scarlet of the poppies
to where the last sun-rays lingered in the west.

"What do you know of wrong or right—of life—
of the future—of any one of the things that lie
hidden in the heart of unfolded years, as the
color and fragrance of the flower lie in the closed
bud? Listen!" And he laid his withered hand
on her arm, and turned her bright young face
toward him. "Listen, child! I was young once,
and glad and trustful as you are. To me too
there seemed never a cloud in the sky; never a
pain in the heart; never an evil or a sin that
could turn life to hell, and love to hate, and joy
to sorrow. But even as that cloud above us
creeps over the sky's radiance and covers the
sunset's gold, so surely did a cloud of shame and
suffering darken my fate, destroy my illusions.
So surely will a like cloud throw its gloom over
you, and every creature like you who goes forth
on life's journey with blind eyes and credulous
heart, to learn, as I have learned, that of all
things life holds, the only thing that lives, and
enjoys, and prospers, is—Evil."

She looked at him sorrowfully. He was so
old, and sad, and desolate. His words hurt her;
their chill darkened her simple joyousness even
at the cloud to which he had pointed darkened
the glowing colours of the sky. For a moment
she was silent.

"To say such words, and believe them," she
said, gently, "one must have known great sor-
row. I do not understand them quite. God is
too good to let mankind suffer more than they
can bear, more than He deems just. But for you
I am sorry. It must be so terrible to know life
has no joy left, to turn from the sunshine and
dwell forever in the shadows."

A smile of terrible irony curved his lips.
"One would look for no worse hell hereafter.
Do I frighten you? You look quite scared and
white. I can not help it. I don't know why I
have broken my word and spoke even gently to
a human thing. I vowed once never to do it. I
have seen you so often, and almost hated you
for your fair face and light step, and your voice
that is always happy; and as you came across
the fields just now, some impulse prompted me
to stay you. Is your gladness less?"

She smiled wistfully, and her eyes rested on
his face with infinite pity.

"Not less," she said, gently. "Only if I could
but give you back yours—ever so little!"

"It lies in no man's power, still less in any
woman's. The clouds are with me forever now.
Go you forth with the sun; our paths lie wide
apart; for you, life begins—the joys it may hold
are illimitable; for me, it ends—the joys it has
held are vanity and vexation of spirit. Fare-
well."

He turned abruptly away—a lean, bent, aged
figure, leaning heavily on his stick, with the
evening light touching his scanty silvered hair
and brown trembling form. The girl, moved by
some sudden impulse, followed him.

"Do not shun me again," she said, implor-
ingly. "I have seen you so often, and I live so
near; and they say you are always alone. It
must be so sad."

"It is my own wish," he said, almost fiercely.
"As for being sad, one need not come to eighty
years to find life that."

Half proudly, half regretfully, she turned
away. As she did so her eyes rested on the pale
soft tints of the evening sky, from whence the
glow and fervor of sunset had faded.

"Look!" she cried, eagerly, as her out-
stretched hand pointed upward. "Look! the
cloud is still there, but it has a silver lining."

The old man went on his way. The girl moved
silently and sadly along the quiet fields, and
through a narrow shady road, and across a wood-
en bridge which brought her to her home.

A very simple little place it was; a mere cot-
tage, rented from a miller near by, and just large
enough for her father and herself. He was an old
and studious recluse, and she was his only child.

He had lived here in this quiet world-forgotten
village for a score of years, with only his books
for companions since his wife had died and left
his married life like a dream-memory to him ever
afterward—so short it was and sweet.

The tiny home was very dear to him, and to
his child also. She loved to think of the fair
young mother who had gladdened it for those
two brief sunny years—to trace her footsteps in
the garden paths, her presence in the dainty
rooms, her taste in the arrangement of the in-
terior, and her skill in the miniature garden
which she had planned and cultured, and where
pure white lily cups, and gloire de Dijon roses,
and the scarlet glow of geraniums, and the flush
of flowering creepers coloured and embowered
the tiny dwelling. To the girl the whole place
was always beautiful in a simple, quiet, dreamy
way, which had grown with her growth, and
had altered itself to her fancies, whether it lay
like a fairy bride-cake in winter, or a fragrant
garden-world in summer, with azure and purple
winged butterflies sporting in the flower bells,
and the velvet-coated bees humming their en-
dless song in the hearts of honey blossoms.

She and her father were always together; al-
ways companions and friends to each other; al-
ways united in interest as in heart; always
inseparable in pursuits both learned and simple.

As she crossed the wooden bridge now, she
stood for an instant to listen to the rush and
music of the deep mill water, and to watch it
break over the rocks, and dash in a million foam
bells against the huge wheel; then turning her
eyes in the other direction, she saw a figure sit-
ting at some distance up the bank, fishing.

The sight was not an uncommon one; tourists
and anglers often found their way here, and the
deep river was full of pike and other smaller fish.

Her eyes rested carelessly enough on this man,
sitting motionless and attentively there, with
his rod clasped in his hands, and his gaze fixed
on the river before him. While she watched
she saw him suddenly rise, retreat a few steps,
and then, with a short quick run, take a flying
leap to a rock in the middle of the water, evi-
dently intending to take his seat there instead of
fishing from the bank. Whether he had meas-
ured the distance falsely, or whether his foot
slipped on the slippery rock, she could not tell,
but in a second she saw him submerged in the
rushing depths, and whirled like a straw in her
own direction.

"Great Heaven! the mill-wheel!" she gasped,
standing paralyzed for an instant by the intense
horror of that thought.

The current set firm and strong in that direc-
tion. In a moment he would be beneath the
bridge on which she stood, and whirled onward
till the fierce waters would suck him into their
whirlpool, and the cruel wheel would hold him
in its grasp. The horror of the situation flashed
through her brain like lightning. Without a
moment's pause, a second's consideration, she
stooped under the railing of the bridge, which
was so low it was within two feet of the water.

Holding on to one of the beams for support,
she let herself drop, and as the water whirled
him beneath, she seized the collar of his coat and
held it fast.

The strain on her power was terrible. Her
wrists were wrenched like a pulley as they sup-
ported his weight below and her own weight
above. The sound of the water in her ears was
like the roar of a furious sea. She cried aloud
for help, with an agonized prayer in her heart
that it might reach the miller or some of the la-
borers returning home.

The man was quite stunned; he could see a
deep red gash on his forehead, which must have
struck against the rock in that fatal leap. A
moment more, and she feared her strength would
fail; a moment more, and the river would hold
two victims instead of one. A moment—

Oh, thank God! thank God! A shout in her
ears—a strong clasp—a helping hand which
seized the stiff and lifeless weight in her numbed
and straining grasp. A moment and she was
drawn back on the bridge, with a face white as
death, and limbs that trembled like a wind-
tossed leaf.

"Tis Miss Vera from the cottage, as I live,"
said a voice. "Bless us and save us! what a
thing for a young weak thing like her to go and
do. It's a mussy the two on 'em weren't drown-
ed like kittens together! Wasn't it plucky,
though, Bill?"

The girl opened her eyes, and nerved herself
against the deadly sickness and faintness creep-
ing over her.

"Thank you for your bravery," she said.
"How fortunate you were near! Is he safe?"

"He looks bad—nigh dead, I should say,"
answered one of the men.

"Oh, do take him to the cottage!" she cried,
eagerly, as she raised herself and staggered to
her feet. "My father will reward you for your
brave action. Where should we be now if it
were not for you?"

Her unconscious coupling of the man she had
saved with her own self, her anxious com-
passionate gaze at his white still face, her shudder
of terror at the river as its noise struck on her
ear, all spoke of a new and vivid interest—a life
roused from its quiet slumbers to an awakening
whose deeper import she had yet to learn.

The men touched their hats and bent down to
the prostrate, senseless figure at their feet.
They raised him in their arms, and bore him be-
fore her to the cottage, with its flush of summer
bloom and its calm of summer peace.

As they entered, the girl looked up at the
sky overhead. The cloud had floated onward,
and stood directly over her own home. There
was no silver lining to its sombre darkness now.

II

All night in the summer stillness came the
song of a nightingale from among the roses. All
night with a feverish restlessness a man tossed
on his couch of pain. All night in the silent
moonrays a girl lay awake and uneasy, with
throbbing veins still strained and aching from
that terrible weight, with sleepless eyes that
would not close, and a strange, dull foreboding
in her heart that had never chilled its glad
young beats before.

"Was life really so sad?" she wondered.
"Did it hold pain so great and woe so deep that
the heart turned to bitterness, and joy to grief,
and love to hate? Would the cloud shadow
her own life too, since the old man had told her
none could escape?"

Through all her dreams this one thought ran,
haunting her, saddening her, chilling her nat-
ural joyousness, disturbing her natural gayety,
which had been hitherto the gayety of a child
knowing naught of evil, dreading naught of
pain.

With the morning her father sought the
stranger's side, and dressed his wound with some
of the old medical skill that he had never for-
gotten, though he had long ceased to practice as
a physician. It was then that, for the first time,
the young man learned the story of his danger
and rescue, and heard with mingled wonder and
admiration of the heroism to which he owed his
life.

"What can I say?" he murmured, as the
story ended, and the old man's voice trembled
with emotion over the recital of his darling's
bravery and deadly peril. "No words, no acts,
can ever repay such a debt. I wonder you do
not hate me, seeing in my fool-hardiness such
risk to the life you love so well."

"She is my only child—my all," said the old
man, tenderly. "To have lost her—well, there
lives for me no word to paint the agony of that
thought. And yet, I would not have had her
act otherwise. In Heaven's sight are not all
lives equal?"

"There would have been none to mourn me,"
said his companion, sadly. "My existence is
of small value in comparison with what hers
seems to you."

"Ay, Heaven be praised, she was spared!"
was the fervent ejaculation. "But you are over-
young to talk of being so little missed or cared
for."

"Nevertheless, it is quite true. I am utterly
friendless. My life has been hard, loveless,
toilsome: it is of small account to any one but
myself."

"I hope you do not follow the cant of the
day," rejoined the old man, somewhat sternly,
"and allow there is no good or desirable thing
in life now, and therefore waste its fairest and
freshest years in the exhaustion of folly—the
lawlessness of sin."

"No; I do not hold such views. But to ex-
haust the follies of life and to follow its law-
lessness one must be rich enough to reckon no
cost, or vicious enough to stay for no better im-
pulse. I am certainly not the one, for I am a
poor man, and live by my wits. I hope I am
not the other, since amidst a life that has always
been hard, and a youth that has always been
lonely, I have still kept faith in Heaven, and
pity for man, and reverence for woman."

"Have you a mother?"
A dark shade clouded the frank young face.

"She is dead," he said. "As for other rela-
tives, my father has disowned me. I do not
even bear or know his name. Brother or sister
I never possessed. I am quite alone. I believe
I am entitled to be called a gentleman. I gain
my bread by painting, or doing illustrations for
periodicals. I live most of the year in London,
and have come to this village for a month's rest,
as my health has not been strong of late. There
is my history, sir. It is all my introduction."

"And quite enough," said the old man,
heartily. "Your face is too frank and open to
deceive, and I am quite sure your heart is honest
too."

He shook hands cordially with the guest so
strangely brought beneath his roof, and then
bade him come to the little sitting-room when
he felt sufficiently rested.

"You will find Vera there," he said, in his
genial, kindly tones, that were so frank in their
cordiality, so trustful in their welcome. "My
daughter, I mean."

"May I ask the favour of your name?" said
the young man, smiling. "Mine is Keith Bran-
don. I do not know whom I have the honour
of addressing."

"My name is Ashford; it used to bear the
appendix 'Doctor, but I have dropped it long
since."

"I am not to use it, then?" questioned Keith.
"If you wish, certainly. But most of the
people here know me only as 'Mister,' or 'Mais-
ter,' as they pronounce it. Now I really must
be off. You are sure you are quite strong enough
to come down stairs?"

"Quite sure. Why, gratitude alone would
give me strength, were I not all curiosity to see
one who with a woman's weakness unites a man's
heroism."

"You must not spoil Vera's simplicity by
fine words and London manners," said the old
man, with a sudden gravity, as he stood at the
door and looked back at the handsome face and
strong erect young figure in the room beyond.

"Do not be alarmed," was the gentle re-
sponse. "I reverence the simplicity and guile-
lessness of a true woman beyond all earthly
things."

"You were no true man if you did not,"

said Dr. Ashford, gravely; and he closed the door and went down stairs to Vera with his usual calm face and tender smile.

"How is he?" the girl asked, eagerly, as she came up and kissed him.

"Much better. He is coming down stairs presently. He is anxious to see you, and thank you for your bravery. Oh, my dear! my dear! I tremble even now at the thought of it. If help had not come!"

"Why trouble yourself about possibilities, father?" said Vera, gently. "Help did come, and there is no need to tremble. Your child is safe here, and likely to plague you a good while longer."

The old man smiled lovingly at the bright, beautiful face.

"May Heaven send all fathers such plagues!" he said, tenderly. "What happy homes there would be, my darling!"

"You will make me vain with so much praise," she said, merrily. "Come along and have breakfast. I had better send some up for the invalid, I suppose?"

"Indeed, no, Miss Ashford; the invalid is here to answer for himself."

At the sound of the voice she turned, the sunlight wavering over her delicate face, the look of startled wonder and of glad surprise still lighting her soft shy eyes. They looked at each other.

As their eyes met—as their hands touched—as their lips opened in the old trite world-worn greeting which we use to strangers as to friends, so surely something deeper awoke in each heart—something sweeter spoke in each glance. Then their hands loosed their clasp; but the feelings, startled into sudden life, never loosed their fast, sure links, riveted in that one brief moment, that one lingering look.

"So you have found a sweetheart."

Vera was standing by the corner of a little brown shallow brook, fringed with tall bull-rushes and waving willow stems. She started as the words fell on her ear, and looked round at the speaker. The old man whom she had met in the poppy fields some three weeks before, "the miser of the Glebe," as the villagers all called him, was standing a short distance off, leaning on his stick, and scanning her with malicious eyes and a sneering smile.

The girl's face flushed slightly beneath his scrutiny.

"What do you mean?" she asked him.

"You are still happy, are you not?"

She lifted her eyes to his with a dreamy wistful regard.

"I am very happy."

"And who is the handsome stranger who is always by your side now? I heard of your folly in nearly sacrificing your life for his. Of course, woman-like, you will complete it by giving that life to him hereafter, to guard or wreck as he pleases."

She flashed on him a look of such startled pain, such speechless anger, as made the mockery of his own eyes fade.

"You have nothing to do with my actions," she said haughtily. "I scarcely think you mean to insult me, but your words are, to say the least of them, unwarrantable and incomprehensible."

He laughed.

"I thought nothing in the way of admiration was incomprehensible to women. I scarcely suppose your new friend has been with you so constantly, and left you unaware of your own attractions. You must know that you are beautiful."

The proud eyes swept over his face in calm surprise.

"You are the first person who ever told me so."

"Is your lover so cold, then—or so blind?"

"How dare you use such words to me?" she said, with sudden anger in her voice, and a certain shame in her pained young heart. "You have no right—"

"Save my experience and your ignorance."

She shrank away with a movement of aversion.

"You need not remind me of that. If experience turns all fair and holy things to bitterness and contempt, I pray I may never exchange my ignorance for it!"

The keen eyes of the old man sparkled with malignant mirth. He liked to rouse the gentleness and calm of this girl's spirit to something more akin to wrath and bitterness than she herself was aware of.

"Keep that ignorance, then, my dear," he said, ironically, as she moved away with a slight bow of farewell. "Keep it with its twin sister—content. When you part with them, your life's happiness goes too."

She made no answer, but turned away, hurt and pained, and left him by the brook-side in the evening shadows.

But as she went homeward she could not forget his words. They had stirred her heart from its rest; they had left her with memories whose innocent shame tortured her as nothing in all her bright glad life had ever done before. Hitherto her heart had leaped to the gladness of youth, the mere sense of living and enjoying the simple innocent life she had known. Now a new element had arisen in that life, and through the golden haze of pure faiths, and trustful hopes, and fairy dreams, another face looked back to hers, another future met and paused beside her own.

The old man's words had shown her this, and left her disturbed and saddened all at once. This stranger whose life she had saved, whose presence had haunted her for these few short

weeks, had grown unaccountably dear, though no word of love or glance of passion had lived in his speech or look.

She did not know—how could she?—the conflict that he waged each day, each hour, that found him in her presence. She could not guess how hard it was to restrain every look and every word that might betray his own secret. She did not know that being in his own sight a nameless, obscure, toiling son of fortune, he therefore deemed it dishonorable to awaken either interest or regard for himself in the girl's fancies, knowing that to take—or seek to take—her from the safety and innocence of her sheltered life, and ask her to battle with him through the stern and sordid ordeal which his own future represented, was a thing utterly impossible to his generous impulses and his chivalrous love. Therefore he guarded himself so closely, and betrayed by no word or sign the weakness that at times she unconsciously tempted almost beyond endurance. Therefore it was that he said to himself as he wrestled with a love that every day but strengthened and increased, "I will leave her unwooded. So best!"

Perhaps some vague hope of a future when he might win her arose at times in his heart—some vision of a fame he might touch, a fortune he might secure. Then, he told himself he might speak. Now it looked to him unmanly to do so.

"She will never know," he thought; "she is but a child still."

But do what he might, he could not forget her—he could not care for her less. With one look she had shattered the serenity of his whole previous life, and left to him a memory that was precious and painful both in one, and had given him along with its preciousness a weary self-contest that brought but little hope of peace, but little care for victory. For he loved her too well to forget, and between them lay a barrier that it would take years to overthrow, the foe of many a youthful love—poverty.

He had grown accustomed to shifts and straits for himself; to go without meals; to deny himself all but bare necessities; to live from hand to mouth, toiling, working, struggling, fighting single-handed in a great city's warfare; but to ask her to share such a life, or risk such straits, with only his arm to lean on, his love to recompense, was what he had no courage to do.

He was her debtor. Could he ask her to take such recompense as this? Could he repay thus the noble heroism that had risked life in his service without a thought of consequence?

All the manhood in him rebelled against the thought. He crushed down the impotent desires that stung him to madness—the passionate longings which strove ever and always to tear aside the mask of impressiveness he wore—the regrets that no power of his own could lull to rest.

"I must leave her," he told himself. "I can not, dare not, stay here longer. With each day my strength grows less."

Even as the words were on his lips he met her face to face.

She was coming home with the old man's taunts still fresh in her memory—with the shame his words had awakened still burning in her innocent heart.

As she saw him the color flushed from brow to throat. Her eyes drooped. The usual welcome died on her lips unspoken.

"I am glad I have met you," he said, with his usual courteous gentleness. "I was about to call at the cottage to say farewell. I leave to-morrow."

She started slightly. Had he but looked at her, he would have seen the sudden pallor of the sweet face, the flash of pain in the wistful eyes. But he was looking far beyond, to where the sunrays touched the river's quiet breast with slanting bars of gold.

"It is sudden, is it not?" she said at length.

Her voice seemed cold because of its hard-won firmness, her cheek flushed back to warmth with sudden pride.

"Yes," he answered, looking at her face now, but unable to meet the eyes she steadfastly averted. "It is sudden. I am grieved to go. I have been so happy here. I shall never forget this place, or you."

A few moments later she stood there alone, her eyes on a retreating figure, her hands clasped tight on her fast-throbbing heart.

With all her pain a thrill of gladness mingled.

"The cloud has a silver lining," she said, softly. "He said he would return."

And with the music of those words in her memory, she passed across the yellow corn fields and took the pathway home.

"I am sorry young Brandon has gone," said the old doctor that evening, as, leaning on Vera's arm he paced up and down the little garden. "I shall miss him very much."

Vera was silent.

"I wish I could have learned more of his history," resumed her father. "He goes by his mother's name. She never would tell him his father's. She had been cruelly wronged, and driven from his roof with her infant son, and only the charity of strangers stood between her and starvation. From what Keith says, she must have been a noble woman."

"And she is dead now?"

"Yes, my child, dead—with her honor tarnished by a cruel lie, and her son's life darkened by an unmerited shame. It is very sad, very sad."

"How clever he is! He has such great gifts!" sighed the girl, with unconscious pathos.

"Yes, he is both gifted and noble. But he

is so poor, and in the world genius always suffers in the grasp of poverty—it is a mortal foe. The man who can dower genius with success lives in a palace; the man who owns it, in a hovel. The one who buys it is great; the one who creates may want bread, or be thankful for a beggar's crust. Yes, it is strange, but true."

"There is not much happiness, then, in the world?" questioned the girl, to whom all knowledge of its miseries and sins and woes was alike unknown.

"My dear, there is happiness everywhere for those who seek it aright; but it is a word of many meanings, and the true meaning is only—there!"

He pointed up to the radiant heavens as they stretched in cloudless calm above his head. The girl's face looked awed and pale as she looked at him, then suddenly she drew his arms around her and laid her head upon his breast.

"You have made all my life's happiness for me," she said. "How good you are!—how good!"

"My love, none are that," he said, tenderly. "Being mortals, and being weak through sin within, and beset by sin without, how could it be otherwise?"

"Do you know anything of the old man at the Glebe?" asked Vera presently. "He speaks to me sometimes, but he is very hard and very bitter."

"I only know him by what the people here say," answered her father—"that he is miserly and eccentric, and lives quite alone, save for the witch-like woman who attends to his simple wants. I never exchanged words with him since I lived here."

"I feel so sorry for him," continued the girl, pityingly. "And he talks so strangely to me always. He seems to resent the mere fact of my being glad and light-hearted as an injury to himself. He warned me one day that every life had its shadow—its days of woe and darkness and grief—that mine would come too. If they do—Papa! papa! what is it?"

The awful agonized cry that left her lips was echoed by a groan of mortal agony. The old man's feeble form seemed to slip from her childish arms, and he lay on the grass at her feet like a felled log, in the grasp of that terrible foe—paralysis.

The girl's shrieks quickly brought the old woman-servant from the house, but their united strength was unequal to the task of carrying that helpless burden. Aid had to be procured from the village, and medical assistance summoned; but the old doctor's great age rendered science of no avail. He lived for a week, unconscious, then died in his child's arms.

Over her life the cloud and darkness of a great sorrow had indeed fallen.

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

LOVE.—Love must have expression, or it will die. It can be kept for ever beautiful and blessed as at first, by giving it constant utterance in word and act. The more it is allowed to flow out in delicate attentions and noble services, the stronger and more satisfying and more blessed it will be. The house becomes home only when love drops its heavenly manna in it fresh every day; and the true marriage vow is not made once for all at the altar, but by loving words, helpful services, and delicate attentions to the end.

TRUE AND BRAVE WOMEN.—To be able to look cheerfully and hopefully through clouds of poverty and distress is an accomplishment bestowed by nature upon every true and brave woman; and, no matter how poor or humble her home may be, the magic power of smiles can brighten its shadows and lighten its cares. Upon the troubled mind of a feeling husband a wife's smile falls like a sunbeam on a flower. And how much more beautiful it makes the face that wears it than a frown! When a wife and mother, forgetting sorrows and hardships, smiles away her tears, there is a loveliness in the act that speaks to a man's heart more eloquently than words.

TEMPERANCE AND SLEEP.—The one principle of health which may fairly be described as fundamental and universal is temperance—temperance in the pursuit of pleasure, in excitement, in speech, in thought, and, above all, in worry, which kills oftener and far more surely than work. Next to temperance comes sleep. Shakespeare and Young anticipated the conclusions of modern hygiene when they described sleep—the former as "the chief nourisher in life's feast," and the latter as "Nature's sweet restorer." Insufficient sleep is probably the most frequent cause of nervous failure; and certainly, when the failure has come, sleep opens the surest avenue to recovery. Then indeed too much sleep can hardly be taken; for as in infancy, the recuperative powers seem to work only during complete sleep.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.—As a wife and mother she can make or mar the fortune and happiness of her husband and children. By her thrift, prudence, and good management, she can secure to her partner and herself a competency in old age. By her tender care she can often restore him to good health. By her counsel and her love she can win him from bad company, if temptation, in an evil hour, has led him astray. She can do as much as a man, perhaps even more, to degrade him, if she chooses

to do it. As a wife she can ruin her husband by extravagance and folly; by want of affection she can make an outcast of a man who might otherwise have become a good member of society. She can bring bickerings and strife into what has been a happy household. She can become an instrument of evil instead of an angel of good. As a mother her words and her ways should be kind, loving, and good. If she reproves, her language should be choice and refined. The true mother rules by the laws of kindness; and to her children the word "mother" is synonymous with everything pure, sweet, and beautiful.

REARING CHILDREN.—A venerable lady now living, who has had ten children, all born in cities, and raised nine of them, all living at the present moment, having reached the adult age, never allowed any of them as children to eat anything between meals except dry bread, though she was wealthy and could just as easily have pampered every whim. Her constant reply was, when any of them demurred, "My dear, you are not hungry if you cannot eat bread." It is very certain that her children did not inherit remarkably robust constitutions; and, under the ordinary pampering of mothers, it is fair to suppose that many of them would have died or become puffy men or women. When a child knows by experience that he can have nothing but bread between meals, he will not ask for it unless he really needs, and then he will not take enough to destroy his keener appetite for the good things at the table, while, if he is allowed fruit and pastry, as so many children are, he will seldom come to his meals with a fine relish for food, and, taken without that relish, it fails to be rapidly assimilated, if indeed it does not enfeeble or derange the digestive function.

SOME LITTLE THINGS LEARNED BY EXPERIENCE.—If your coal-fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will help it very much. A little ginger put into sausage-meat improves the flavour. In icing cakes, dip the knife frequently into cold water. In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juice. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge in boiling water at once. You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet of woollen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water to such grease spots, or liquid of any kind. Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter; salt and pepper to taste. Beef having a tendency to be rough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours, with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved. A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell. Clean oil-cloth with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin them. Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put in hot water. A spoonful of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement. The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

EVERY lady who goes to the theatre has a perfect right to wear a high hat. The people behind her should have secured the seat in front. If they did not she is not to blame.

A BOSTON woman cut her dress from a pattern in a magazine dated 1873 before she discovered that it wasn't 1873, and it took three doctors to tide her over that long, lonely night.

THE editor of the Fort Plain Register has his office and residence connected by telephone. On Monday Mr. Skidd of Little Falls, an old friend, called on the editor and expected to remain for dinner. The editor hurried to the telephone and shouted to his wife: "Mr. Skidd will be up with me to dinner; lay an extra plate." "Now," said the editor, "Mr. Skidd, you may converse with her." As the gentleman was about to approach the instrument these words were plainly heard: "You tell Mr. Skidd we don't keep a hotel on wash-day." Mr. Skidd excused himself for a few moments, and was next seen eating fried clams in the Rainbow saloon on the corner.

A YOUNG woman at Smyrna, New York, had a dream many years ago, of eight men standing in a row before her, with outstretched hands. She interpreted this to mean that she would have eight husbands. Her seventh husband died lately, and, although she is now 84, she is confident that the dream will be fulfilled.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I am going to the Annex, sir," she said.

"What to do there, my pretty maid?"

"I am going to be cultured, sir," she said.

"What are your studies, my pretty maid?"

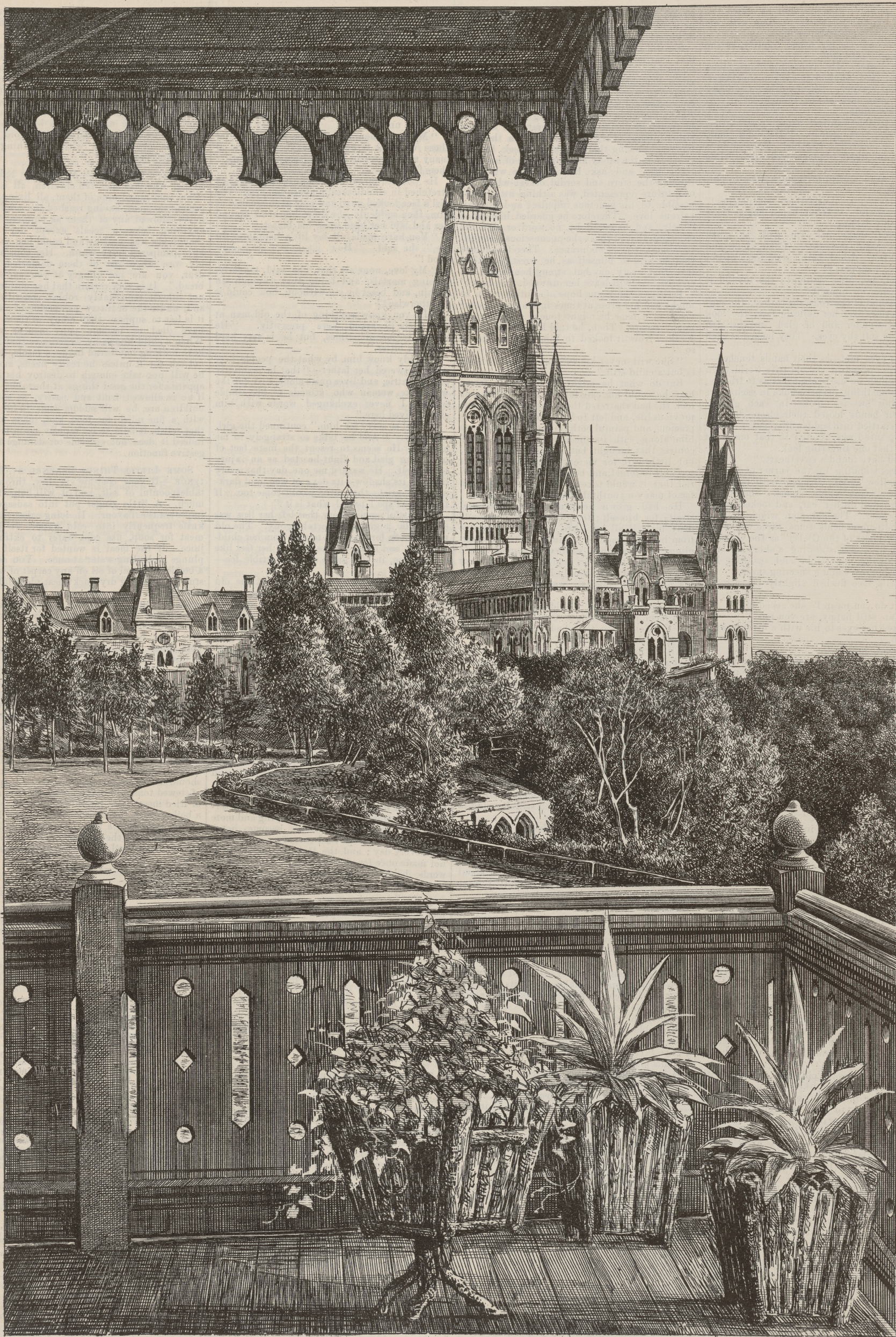
"Chinese and the Quarterions, sir," she said.

"Then whom will you marry, my pretty maid?"

"Cultured girls don't marry, sir," she said.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.



OTTAWA.—THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VIEWED FROM THE TERRACE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY.

MATAPEDIA STATION.

The place represented in our picture is every summer visited by large numbers of the disciples of Izaak Walton, on account of the excellent salmon and trout fishing found in the Ristigouche there. Among the visitors last summer was the Governor-General, who, we are sure, had more pleasure in catching members of the above named "finny tribes," than in "catching it,"—we shall not say what—as he did, especially at a certain period during the meeting of Parliament, and still does occasionally. The house in the foreground—of which only the upper part is seen—was first occupied by Mr. P. Grant, the engineer of this section during the making of the railroad. The next who occupied it was Mr. Ross, one of the superintendents of repairs in the track. We suppose that Mr. Yeo, his successor, now lives in it. To the extreme right is the tank. Between it and the house already described, is the Station. In the centre of the middle ground is the Restigouche Bridge, 1,000 feet long, which has one end in the Province of Quebec, and the other in that of New Brunswick. This bridge, and the two over the Miramichi—all of iron and stone—are the only ones of the kind on the Intercolonial Railroad. Trains are not allowed, on any account, to cross them at a greater speed than that of 15 miles an hour. Fleming, in his work on the Intercolonial Railroad, gives a very full account of the difficulties connected with the building of the Restigouche Bridge. To the left of it, in the background, is a snow-shed in a rock cutting. The large building above the roof of the one first described, is a hotel—the only one in the place. "Mine host" is Mr. D. Frazer, more communly called "Dan Frazer." For the reason stated in the beginning of this article, he has, of course, "lively times" during summer. Since our sketch was taken, he has made his hotel a storey higher. The building to the left of it, at the end of the long low one, is his private house. In the immediate neighbourhood are Roman Catholic church, a Protestant one, and a school house, none of which is seen in the picture. Our sketch is taken from the top of a hill, at the bottom of which is a snow shed about 1000 feet long.



SCENES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL R. R., MATAPEDIA STATION.
FROM A SKETCH BY REV. T. FENWICK.

NO SABBATH IN AUSTRIA.—An American traveller abroad writes: Whatever else Vienna may have she certainly has no Sabbath. Unless the traveller keeps close watch of the lapse of time, he will himself forget the recurrence of Sunday; for there is nothing here—as in most other continental cities—to remind him when the Lord's day is come. We have been in Vienna two Sabbaths, and outside of our own party and a few American and English travellers, we have not heard any suggestion of the day. Traffic, work, amusements and worldly occupations have gone on just the same on the seventh as on the sixth day. Indeed the theatres and dance-houses do a better business than on any other day. The Catholic churches (for nearly everybody here is a Roman Catholic) have services on the Sabbath, and small audiences gather, but the noise of business outside drowns the voice of prayer. Continental Europe has virtually set aside the Fourth commandment.

HEBE'S LITTLE JOKE.—"Is this the telegraph office?" inquired a damsel who had apparently just arrived from some strange land where telegraphs are not.

"It is, madam," replied the urbane operator.

"Well, what will it cost," she continued, "to send this bundle to my aunt in Brooklyn? I told her if I ever got to Camden, safe and sound, I would send her a brand new cashmere dress, and—"

"But we never send bundles by telegraph," interrupted the operator.

"What, never?" she replied, in great trepidation, for she had come a long distance and was a stranger in the great city.

"No, never!" he replied politely but positively.

"What, never?" she replied, and her pretty face showed plainly evidence of mingled disappointment and fear. "Now are you sure?" she continued, "that you never send bundles by telegraph—not even a wee little bundle like this?" and she held it up before him. That excellent little gentleman thought he had never seen a prettier, more innocent picture.

"Well, (a pause) hard—(a nervous twitch) ly (a scratch of the head) ev-er but I am deuced sorry I can't."

This was Hebe's little joke one day this week.



MATAPEDIA; LOOKING DOWN RIVER RISTIGOUCHE FROM A HILL BEHIND FRAZER'S.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. B. HOLLINSHEAD.

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MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &c.

Book VI.

REPARATION AND ABNEGATION.

XI.

THE FAMILY COUNCIL.

The report of the pistol startled the whole house. There was a tremendous rush upon the stairs, resounding amid screams of terror, and convulsive hands beat against the bolted door. Bonair threw it open. M. Paladine and Ory entered. Gaisso remained on the threshold. Toinette and other dusky faces appeared a little lower down. It is impossible to describe the scene of confusion which ensued, but Bonair, giving no one time to speak, set about immediately explaining. He looked sad and stern as he spoke:

"I am sorry to have frightened you, but it was necessary to speak my decision loudly to the world. This pistol which you see has been in my possession for a long time. I kept it about me to meet the danger with which I was threatened. I never expected to use it against any except my enemies. But to-day I was twenty times tempted to point it against myself. This has been one of the most dreadful days of my life. I took the pistol out of its holster this morning. I set it on the table before me. During my meditations before that table, my visions, my paroxysms, the eclipses of my mind and the raging tempests of my soul, it was a central object before my eyes. More than once I stretched my hand to it, more than once I took it up, more than once I cocked it. Once I raised it to the level of my temple. Great God! when I think of it! What prevented me from dropping the trigger was the voice of Carey Gilbert in the hall below. He had just come into the house. I sent for him. He came at once, with the diligence of true friendship. I then entered into a long argument with him. I unfolded to him all my troubles. I asked his advice, his sternest, fiercest counsel. He gave it like a man. He combated all my reasons. I resisted him inch by inch, panting, raving, exposing to his view all the prejudices, subterfuges and meannesses of a man destitute of religious principle. He followed me without disgust or weariness. He took pity on me. He gave himself the trouble of reasoning away all my objections. It was a terrible struggle to have to give in, but when the last moment came, the darkness rolled away from my spirit, a certain calm succeeded in my heart, and for the first time in my life I felt that I was conquered. Carey Gilbert, accept my hand. You saved my life once before; you have saved it a second time, and with it my honour. Allow me to call you my best friend. While I live I shall never forget the service you have rendered me this day."

Bonair then embraced his father and his sister, imploring their pardon for all the sorrow he had occasioned them. M. Paladine, more deeply moved than I had yet seen him, spoke some very kind words to his son, while Ory testified her joy and gratitude by coming over to me and clinging yearningly to my arm.

Then looking to the door where Gaisso had remained crouching and weeping, Bonair exclaimed:

"Come, Gaisso, come to my side. This is your place now, and for all time. Look well at your benefactor. Oh, you owe me nothing. You owe all to him. I did all I could to cast you off. I invented reasons. I imagined impediments. I blackened you in my mind as much as I could. I tried to persuade myself that I did not love, could not love you. I calumniated you. I calumniated your dead mother. I railed against your race. I swore terrible oaths that I would have nothing to do with you. Carey Gilbert pleaded your cause, appealed to my sense, stirred up my remorse, pointed out my duty, re-kindled the old love. Suddenly, yet calmly, and I hope irrevocably, my mind was made up. Pardon me all the past. There! I see it is done already. Go now. To-morrow morning we shall be married."

I will not vulgarize by describing what followed within the next half hour.

XII.

BONAIR AND GAISSO ARE MARRIED.

In the enthusiasm of his altered mind, Bonair wished to give the utmost solemnity and publicity to his marriage. He desired, he said, that, as a reparation was required, it should be as striking as what people called his ill-conduct had been notorious. All the church bells must be rung as at the highest festivals. No less a dignity than the bishop of the diocese must perform the ceremony. He would conduct his bride in an open carriage to the cathedral. He did not stop to inquire whether there could be any objection to this arrangement. But wiser counsel prevailed. The parish priest of the vicinity, who, to my surprise, was summoned to

the house that afternoon by M. Paladine himself with the view of preparing the young couple for this important act of religion, persuaded Bonair to proceed with more privacy. He even attempted to have the ceremony put off for a few days, but to this Bonair would not consent.

"It must be to-morrow," he said, decisively. "If I delayed—who knows?"

So it was finally settled that the marriage should take place the next morning at break of day in the little parish church near The Quarries.

That night, before my departure, Gaisso craved a moment's interview with me. After pouring out her gratitude at my feet, she concluded by asking me a final favour. It was, according to the Creole expression, that I would stand to her in a father's stead at her marriage. I readily assented, of course.

More impressive nuptials it has never been given me to witness. I did not know which to admire most—the heroism of Bonair or the crowned fidelity of Gaisso. M. Paladine stood for his son. I gave away the bride. Ory assisted as a spectator. There were no others present except Toinette and Nain. The former had obtained the favor through earnest entreaty. The latter was there by the special order of Bonair.

"I want these Voudous to see with their own eyes what I have done," said he. "I never feared them. They will find that what they could not force from me by their threats of diabolical malice I have granted of my own free will."

The priest made a few remarks full of charity and Christian encouragement. I observed that M. Paladine was deeply moved, for to him the words must have recalled his own marriage, since which day, with the single exception of that of his wife's obsequies, he had not set foot in a church. What I particularly liked in the little sermon was a delicate allusion to the social inequalities of the parties and to the great fact that the Church regards only the souls of men and women, which in God's eyes are equal.

When Bonair, after the blessing, walked out of the church, with Gaisso on his arm, he could have boasted of one of the handsomest of wives. She was truly a splendid woman. The white robes of the bride, replacing her perpetual black dress, produced on her the effect of a transfiguration. Honestly, I should never have taken her for an octoroon.

I remained to breakfast with the family. It was there that M. Paladine, who had hitherto said very little, took occasion to speak his mind at length. He expressed his unbounded satisfaction at all that had happened. He regarded the marriage as a good omen for his family. He exhorted Gaisso to be always as dutiful to her husband as she had been to himself. He assured his son that he could nowhere have found a more devoted wife, and he advised him to treat her with all tenderness and gentility. He then made a proposition which astonished us all. It was that Bonair and Gaisso should remain in St. Louis. If Bonair only wished it, it was not yet too late to cancel the agreement with the Fur Company. Bonair, however, lost no time to answer. He thanked his father for this mark of confidence, but persisted in his intention of going to the Mountains. He would take his wife with him and they would remain for at least five years. If his enterprise succeeded, he would continue to reside there after that time. If it did not succeed according to his wishes, he might then return. Gaisso entirely concurred in the views of her husband. She, too, was anxious to be away from the scenes of her trials and to begin a new life in an entirely new sphere. *Qui prend mari prend pays!* was a maxim which had no hardship for her.

XIII.

THEIR DEPARTURE FOR THE MOUNTAINS.

Bonair altered his itinerary a little. Instead of going from St. Louis to Council Bluffs by land, as he had intended, he proposed to conduct his wife to the latter point by water, and leave her for a few weeks, while he made his purchases in the surrounding country. When the Mountain boat came up in May, they would both take passage in her for the mouth of the Yellowstone. Gaisso had only four days to prepare for the journey, but with the aid of Ory she found them quite ample enough. And, after all, what cared she for a wardrobe, now that she had a husband?

The steamer was announced to depart at eight o'clock on the Monday morning. Bonair and Gaisso had made me promise to be present. When I reached the levee, fully half an hour before the appointed time, I found them all arrived and their piles of luggage already embarked. M. Paladine and Bonair were earnestly conversing in the fore-cabin. Ory and Gaisso were as earnestly engaged in the cabin. Going from one to the other I had a warm clasp of the hand and a good word from each. Gradually

the boat began to fill up. Passengers were crowding in. Freight in immense quantities was stowed on board. The first bell had already tolled; the second was just being rung. There remained only a quarter of an hour. Several of the members of the Fur Company hurried down to have a last word with their young partner. Among these came Djim with letters and documents for Bonair. Finally the confusion became extreme. Officers were shouting their orders; the boatmen were hurrying to and fro; the engines were letting off their steam with deafening noise. Then came a last pressure of hands, a parting embrace, a hasty retreat down the stairs. The third bell was sounding. Bonair had followed us to the edge of the boat. As I was leading Ory to the one-remaining plank which connected us with the shore, he laid his hand upon my shoulders and muttered: "Good-bye, Carey. Take good care of father and of Ory."

His voice failed him and he could say no more.

An instant later the steamer had pushed out into mid-stream. Pausing there one moment, as if to collect her strength, she let off a reverberating whistle, then proudly struck against the current. As she glided away we stood in a group upon the bank.

"There they are!" suddenly exclaimed Ory.

Bonair and Gaisso were standing arm-in-arm, at the highest point of the upper deck and detached from the rest of the passengers. They were looking directly at us. They had seen us, and now they both waved their handkerchiefs. We returned signals of recognition and of farewell.

Gradually the steamer was less and less visible. It became a speck, and then mingled with the water line.

"Gone?" asked M. Paladine.

"Gone, sir," I repeated.

The old man drove his cane between a fissure of the boulders and hung down his head.

"It is a hard thing, Carey," he said, "but I am content."

Ory hung heavily on my arm, sobbing pitifully and unable to speak. I conducted them both to their carriage. M. Paladine entered with broken step and threw himself in the corner of the back seat. Setting Ory gently beside him, I was about to withdraw, when she seized my hand and murmured:

"Fetch me home, Carey. We cannot go there alone."

I took a place in front of them, and we drove silently to The Quarries.

XIV.

ANOTHER STEP TO FORTUNE.

Not much more than a fortnight later, I too made my preparations for departure. The machinery constructed according to my plans and under my superintendence had already been sent forward. I was to follow and direct its erection. When these preliminary arrangements were completed, mining operations on a gigantic scale would be inaugurated.

"The eyes of the whole company are upon you," said Uncle Pascal, as he bade me good-bye. "Be sure and do your work to perfection. A day or two before the close, send me a private message and I will run down myself ahead of the directors to make an inspection."

All through that spring, summer and autumn I remained at Potosi without being able to leave even once for a flying visit to St. Louis. So soon as it was made clear to every one's satisfaction that the machinery worked well, I had a temptation to retire from the concern, as very advantageous offers from other quarters had been made me. But the directors would not hear of my withdrawal. They even went further and appointed me general superintendent of the works, with doubled salary and the promise of a bonus equal to twenty-five per cent. of the profits every year for two years. To secure my services still more fixedly, Uncle Pascal took ten shares of the stock in my name, on the understanding that I would pay him only with the yearly income of the shares and without interest on the capital. Such advantages were a little fortune to me, and it would have been madness to refuse them.

I therefore spent the two following years at these now celebrated lead mines. I gave my unremitting attention to my duties. The business prospered prodigiously, and I have the vanity here to record that the directors attributed much of their success to my zeal and industry. At the end of the term their most anxious desire was for my re-engagement, but after much reflection I was induced to decline, having found in the city, where I preferred staying, a more favorable opening for my ambition and activity. The proposition came unexpectedly from M. Paladine. The old man, perceiving that his habits of solitude and study were of late impairing both his health and spirits, and not unwilling, moreover, to mingle more freely with the world, resolved on trying some outdoor occupation which would give him bodily exercise and invigorating mental occupation. With this view, he purposed exploring anew his magnificent quarries, which had lain idle for for many years, as well as open new ones and establish a series of lime-kilns on a large scale. As he would be unable to conduct such a business alone, and because he knew that my engineering knowledge could be made available in introducing all the improvements of modern experience in this branch of industry, he offered to take me into partnership. To give his pro-

posal the look of a strictly business transaction and not of a favor, he stipulated that I should join my little savings to the capital which he intended to invest in the undertaking and that we should share the profits. I should have undivided control of the whole business. He would only look on and help me as he could. I had no hesitation in accepting this splendid offer. There was no risk whatever. The city was rapidly progressing. Acre upon acre was being rapidly covered with houses. Public works of all kinds were actively prosecuted. Building material, in immense quantities, would be required for years to come.

I had higher motives besides to determine my choice. It seemed to me that I would be fulfilling a filial duty in continuing the works begun by my grandfather. It was this view which made my family, including Uncle Pascal, approve and encourage the change. Then, too— incentive more powerful than all the others—I would find myself living in the vicinity of The Quarries, within easy distance of Ory, and working under her eye.

A few weeks, therefore, after my return from Potosi, I entered upon this new field of labor.

XV.

MY FOREMAN.

M. Paladine's object in opening new quarries, in addition to the three already excavated, went even beyond what I mentioned above. He wanted to try a humanitarian experiment. There were some twenty negro lads on his plantation, of all ages ranging from fifteen to thirty, whom he desired to take off his farm, where they were useless, and put to more regular and constant work. His plan was this: One quarry, at a distance from the rest, would be reserved exclusively to these negroes. They should have the same hours of labor as the other workmen, and should receive the same wages. These wages, every Saturday night, would be paid into their own hands, so that each might see and touch what he had won during the week. Then they would bring the money to their master who would deposit it in a common fund reserved for them, and destined later to be employed for their benefit. In a word, M. Paladine wished to test personally the difference between men working for themselves and working for others; between men animated with a hope and animated with sordid fear. I entered readily into his views. I promised to carry out the experiment fully and conscientiously. To do this better, I needed a foreman. My choice immediately fell on Nain, and I summoned him for the purpose. Treating him as an utter stranger, without making any allusion to the past or allowing him to make any, I explained to him what I wanted and told him he must undertake it. The intelligent fellow grasped my whole project at a glance. His face brightened and I saw that all his better nature was rising in him. I felt from that moment that I had chosen the right man. I closed the interview abruptly with these words:

"The whole responsibility of that quarry rests on you, and in all cases you shall be answerable directly to me."

"Trust me, sir," he replied in a tone of simple yet manly self-reliance, "I am completely at your service. You will see that nothing will be left undone to repay your generosity toward me."

And he kept his word. That negro quarry was a success. Financially it yielded what we expected of it. In a higher point of view it convinced us that negroes, when properly treated, think, feel and act like the rest of men. I do not pretend that they worked better than my white laborers. But they worked just as well. I do not pretend that they behaved better. But they behaved fully as well. They got drunk occasionally, but so did the others. They would fight sometimes, but more seldom and less bloodily than the others. Both parties had periodical fits of laziness, but I considered my blacks more excusable because they had no board or clothing to provide for their families.

Some years ago a wise man lecturing before the London Anthropological Society, on the "Negro's Place in Nature," laid down, among other propositions, that the negro is a different species from the European; that the analogies are far more numerous between the negro and the ape than between the European and the ape; that the negro is intellectually inferior to the European. Many good people, many intelligent people, entertain similar views, and I have been questioned in this sense over and over again by both Americans and Englishmen. My answer has invariably been the experience of this lime-stone quarry. Here I had a score of full-blooded negroes—there was not a mulatto among them—working side by side with common white laborers. I compared them, watched their differences closely and I repeat that in absolutely no particular did I find the latter inferior to the former. Not only did they readily learn the material work, of which they knew nothing before, but they understood instructions well, invented the usual expedients and devices for facilitating labor, and on the score of fidelity to the prescribed lines of conduct, proved the existence of that moral instinct which is only another name for right intelligence.

When learned ethnologists tell us that the negro mind is capable of as much development as the European, up to the age of fourteen, but that, after this period, it becomes torpid and almost incapable of learning; that memory is in-

deed unfolded in them, but that they have not the power of generalization, are they not saying, in roundabout phrase, that the negro is neither more or less than a beast? Putting the proposition in this form it refutes itself, at the same time that it inspires pity for the ignorance which dictated it. The negro does more than merely remember. He can grasp the scope and bearing of general principles and draw legitimate conclusions from them. These judgments may be elementary, but so they are in the case of utterly uneducated whites, and I hold that, judging by averages, instruction can widen the circle of these judgments almost as easily in the African as in the European mind.

A line more on this subject before dismissing it. It has been gravely asserted, and thousands believe, that the negro is more humanized when in subordination to the European than under any other circumstances; that the negro can be partially civilized only by Europeans; that European civilization, *in extenso*, is not suited to the negro character. A shrewd thinker and observer, throwing these propositions into one test-word, asked me whether, by any possibility, a negro could be a gentleman. For all answer I straightway and unhesitatingly pointed him to my foreman. If Nain was not a gentleman then that term has changed its meaning. It is true that Nain was an extraordinary negro. We have seen the darker and lower traits of his character when acting under the blinding influence of fanatical hallucinations; but in better moods, when he was truly himself, there was added to a brilliant imagination and a sure, swift judgment, a delicacy of feeling, a habit of self-control, a modest reticence and an instinctive appreciation of the moral and social fitness of things which usually proceed only from high breeding and the contact of civilization. I admit again that Nain was an exception, but not such an exception as would prove the Darwinian rule. I have known other negroes who were almost as intelligent, high-minded, enterprising and refined. I could name many negro women, more especially, whose sensitive natures and virtuous characters raised them to the highest level of female excellence. All these cases prove that it is an accident of birth, training and association, not nature, which has kept down the African tribe in America.

On what do these theorists base their observations? On the negro in the state of slavery and on the free negro of the British West Indies and our own Northern States. But in neither case can a true scientific judgment be found. Slavery, even in its mildest aspects, bore down the black. Freedom is the breath of God, is indispensable to the elevation of the mind and heart. It must permeate all the faculties. If it is barred out the whole mechanism—mental and moral—sinks and grovels. The negro slave is only one remove from the beast. The blacks in the British Antilles and in the North were too recently restored to freedom to give proof of what they could accomplish in their new estate. Besides even there they were the butts of an ostracism, of a social exclusion from their nominal friends, which was hardly less inimical to their development than slavery itself.

Wait patiently for a quarter of a century; let the negroes help the liberated race to the full extent of their philanthropic protestations, and the sociologists will tell a different story about the blacks of America. I calmly await that verdict. Living with the Africans from my youth, I have loved them, pitied them, pleaded for them, befriended them when and as I could. I now proclaim their capabilities of redemption. The work of regeneration will be tremendous. It will require the patience of a great nation, nay, of all humanity to bring it about. But the years of God are eternal. The strength of spiritual influences is infinite. If in a hundred years from now the patient, broken race reaches the medium stages of our civilization, the world will have cause to rejoice and the race itself may bless the terrible cataclysm which produced its emancipation.

XVI.

POST-MORTEM.

Slavery is dead. I have just alluded to this fact in connection with the slaves themselves. I will refer to it again for one moment in connection with their former masters. Placed as I was, in the West, midway between the two contending parties, bound to the one side by the heart, to the other side by my reason; thoroughly acquainted with slavery by actual contact from infancy, as thoroughly acquainted with the real sentiments of slave-holders, I believe that I am in a condition to judge impartially of the results of the war, in so far as concerns emancipation. The question has often been asked: Does the South acquiesce in the freedom of its slaves? I answer, Yes. Does it cheerfully recognize their liberty? It does.

Spite of the sordid greed of some planters, spite of the declamation of fire-eaters, spite of that unfortunate clause of the Montgomery Constitution, spite of many untoward appearances, I believe it is conceded now by fair-minded men that the South did not take up arms for the retention or extension of slavery. If the issue had been placed before them in so many words, the best men in the South would have recoiled from it. And after the war was engaged, the policy proclaimed by the leaders had other instincts and other tendencies. No man will make the world believe that Lee fought and

Jackson died for slavery. Now that partisan passion has cooled, all sides agree that these two were great and good men. To accuse them of such a crime would be to cast a doubt on the inherent rectitude of the human heart.

No, the North is more loudly jubilant, as is natural, over the downfall of slavery, but the South, beaten to the earth, rejoices that her inevitable rise will not be longer retarded by the burden of a social iniquity.

It would seem that a great change cannot be brought in this world without a revolution. Man is too weak or too perverse to right the wrong by gradual natural means. God must intervene with His thunderbolt. Consult history and you will find that every radical, social or political reform has been thrown out of the bowels of a terrible upheaval of the elements. It had to be thus with slavery. That was a huge sin for which the whole country was responsible, North as well as South. The people desired its removal, but human passion took up the problem and rendered its solution impossible to human ingenuity. For forty years the question agitated the country without the prospect of a possible adjustment. It required four years of bloodshed to settle it forever. That war was God's mystery. His providence was manifested in the emancipation of slaves.

The South has understood and accepted this. A distinguished officer who had served in the Southern armies to the very end, after relating to me, one day, the terrible scenes immediately preceding and accompanying the collapse of the Confederacy, dropped his head sorrowfully upon his breast, and exclaimed:

"Ah! believe me, it was all the curse of slavery."

(To be continued.)

GENERAL UTILITY.

"Where gett'st thou that goose look?" "Go prick thy face, thou lily-livered boy." "Take thy face hence." "Dull, unmindful villain, why stayest thou here?" "Speak, slave!"

These and such like expressions I have been used to for many years; and use with us is second nature, for we talk about our thousands and flutter our crisp bank-notes as if they were old friends. I've seen the great tragedian take his "paper" on Saturday, but I never got beyond a small pile of silver; there are three more mouths at home, but she (I mean my wife) makes the salary go to the end of the week very well.

It seems like a dream to look back on the time past and see the old man in his chair smoking his pipe and listening to the bit of news out of a paper more than a week old. Ah, he was opposed to anything theatrical "tooth and nail," wouldn't have seen me talking to a play-actor in case I might have caught the infection. Well, he didn't live to see me in the "general utility" line; that's a shock he was spared.

There were no music-halls when I first started; if there had been I don't suppose I should have joined the travelling company. I had a tidy voice at that time, and if I could have got a good comic song written I should only have had to put on a ridiculous dress, and I might have stood a better chance. Why don't I do it now? Too late, sir; my salary, as I've said before, is not very great, and my wardrobe's not very flourishing, but utility's my line, sir, "general utility," and I expect that I must go on making myself generally useful till the "baize" falls.

I had a long apprenticeship in the country, pieces changed every night; that's the time to try your study. "Practice makes perfect," they say; but when you come to play about a dozen pieces a week there's no mistake about the practice, but as to being perfect you'd better ask the prompter.

Yet, mind you, there's a sort of charm about the "uninterrupted chain of novelty" business (that's what they call it in the bills). Why? Well, I'll tell you. I've played in a piece for more than two hundred nights; I had to go on when it was nearly over and take a letter which caused a good deal of excitement to the leading man; and, when he asked me if "The Lady Leonora had intrusted it to my care?" I had to reply "She did, my lord." "There's for thy pains," he said, and giving me the usual coin waved me off.

There, that was my part for two hundred and odd nights, and it almost knocked me over; but what annoyed me still more was that, after the run of this successful piece, the governor puts up *Pizarro* and *Rob Roy*, all the utility parts of which I knew backwards. If you'll believe me, in that year I hadn't the chance of studying half a dozen parts.

My wife was on the stage before we were married; but now, what with the children and looking to my collars and ruffles for "ballroom scenes" and "evening parties," she'd hardly have the time to study, even if I asked her to double the engagement.

My eldest girl, somehow or other took a liking to the boards very early; she'd been reading over my parts, and a few printed books of published plays that I picked up a bargain when poor Harry Collins, our second heavyman, died; he only left an old father behind him, who soon melted Harry's little stock of "props," and the books came to me; but I was going to say about my girl Ellen (we always call her Nell at home), I never shall forget how pleased that child was when I came home one day from rehearsal and told her that old Burton, our stage-manager,

was in a fix for a girl to play in *Belphegor*, and I said that I had come to take her to the theatre. She put on her bonnet, and I think she wanted to have a 'bus to the stage-door.

At rehearsal she read the part beautifully, and at night I stood as near the wing as a "general utility" man is allowed, and I heard the governor say to the stage-manager, "I say, Burton, that girl's playing that part remarkably well," and so she did, for the women at the pit told me the next night that she made the people cry in the second act; and, when I went home and told Nelly that, she laughed and drew herself up. "Ah," said she, "we must have bills out next week, with our name in larger type, and we must speak about raise of salary."

She has got on wonderfully since then; Lord bless you, she's in America now "starring," and writes home about dollars. Well, she's a good girl, though I say it, and industrious, for she's studied her profession and kept to it, from nigh the bottom of the ladder. I'm proud to say she never did go on without something to speak, not that I've anything to say against the ballet; no, I've seen too many instances of hard-working girls taking home their little earnings to poor parents for that, there are exceptions I know, in this as well as other professions, but maybe not quite so many.

I have been at the theatre where I am now for three years; but before that time I was out of an engagement sometimes for a month or two. I went one summer into the provinces, leaving my wife in our old lodgings with the younger children. I joined half a dozen others who were taking the very small theatres, and, as it was out of the season at the places we went to, the proprietor was glad to let us open, and take two-thirds of the receipts for his rent, printing, and gas. Well, we managed to live somehow.

I played "Macbeth" for my benefit; and when I came at night the woman who cleaned the stage gave me a letter, and when I opened it there was a sovereign fixed in a card, and a few words inside the envelope asking me to reserve the front row in the boxes.

You may guess that I was rather excited, for there was no name mentioned.

I dressed for the part; it was not such a bad make up, for I had seen some of the best on the stage; I won't say much about the dress. I remember I was not pleased with it after receiving the sovereign.

I came down to look through the curtain to see if there was any one in the house, and was surprised to see a good gallery and a very decent pit. I had not expected it, for there was a pony-race and jumping in sacks near the theatre; but as I found out that it had begun to rain, the presence of my patrons was easily explained.

Seven o'clock; prompter rang the bell, up went the curtain; the first and second scenes passed. Scene third; enter Banquo followed by Macbeth; good reception for a utility man. I did not look at the audience, but closed my eyes as I bowed. I came down for my first soliloquy, and when I turned my eyes towards the centre, there was my Nelly with her mother and her sister Jessie sitting in the reserved—the mystery of the sovereign was revealed—and, strange to say, her presence seemed to give me more power. The good girl never laughed at me during the whole performance, and when I was killed and the curtain fell she came round to me in the dressing-room, and said, as she gave me a kiss, "You're a dear old bad actor, that you are."

That was the only time I ever went beyond "general utility," and she often reminds me of it in her letters.

I don't often get a holiday; but even when I do I go down to the East-end and see a piece. I was vexed, though, about a month ago. I can hardly tell you the reason. I can't explain why it should trouble me; but the fact is, I wanted to go down to Stratford-on-Avon, but there was a misunderstanding between the governor and the committee, and our company didn't go down.

VARIETIES.

CAMPANINI.—Campanini, writes the New York correspondent of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, is living in a pretty little house on East Seventeenth street. He brought over with him his wife and two little children, to say nothing of an Italian cook, for the great tenor is something of a gourmand, and has a fondness for his native cooking that is fairly patriotic. He gives dainty little dinners to his friends here, at which only Italian dishes are served, and quantities of the material for which, including wines, he brought over with him. He has a good deal of humour about him, and tells with great glee how rich he felt when he earned four francs a day during his first engagement, and how he used to sing when he shod the horses at his little smithy in Parma.

MR. BLACK.—William Black is a very rapid writer. There are fabulous stories told of the amount of leader writing which he could accomplish in his days of journalistic work. In writing novels he seems to sit down with all his matter in his head and only the actual work of penmanship to do, so that he can write straight on. He will take, perhaps, a week of what ignorant mortals might consider idleness, and then in a day or two write out all that had accumulated in his mind. Thus, although he seems to keep his brain perpetually employed either in observation or construction, his hours of actual physical work are not really very many. He seldom works two days running, even in the thick of a

novel, as the strain of this continuous work is too great, although occasionally this rule is broken by some few days of consecutive writing. Mr. Black seems, altogether, to have a very fluent and easily commanded power of production, but even he cannot always write. Sometimes he will shut himself up, or leave home for a few days, in order to get through a spell of work.

HOW THE CHINESE LADIES DRESS.—Lady Alcock has given a reception at her London home to the ladies of the Chinese Embassy. Only one gentleman was present; this was the Chinese Ambassador himself, who appeared very magnificently in an overdress of deep yellow brocade. His wife and sister wore skirts of a red material, with overdresses and long hanging sleeves of purplish black brocade, splendidly embroidered between the shoulders. The sleeves of one was bordered with a broad band of magnolia satin exquisitely embroidered with white stocks and silver leaves; the other had a band of pale mauve satin embroidered with silver and gold. The hair of both was drawn back and stiffened with pomatum into a curious protuberance at the back, edged with beads and tinsel ornaments. Ornamental pins and red, violet, and yellow flowers were worn also. A little child, the son of the Ambassador's sister wore an overdress of richest Serves blue brocade, intermingled with some lighter stuff; the headdress was on a foundation like a skull cap of stone-colored felt, and was composed of beads and spangle.

HOW LONG HAVE I TO LIVE?—It is not every one who asks himself this question, because strangely enough, it is the belief of most persons that their lives will be exceptionally lengthy. However, life assurance companies are aware of the credulous weakness of those whose lives they assure, and have, therefore, compiled numerous tables of expectancy of life for their own guidance, which are carefully referred to before a policy is granted.

The following is one of those well-authenticated tables in use among assurance companies, showing the average length of life at various ages. In the first column we have the present ages of persons of average health, and in the second column we are enabled to peep as it were behind the scenes of an insurance office and gather from their table the number of years they will give us to live. This table has been the result of careful calculation, and seldom proves misleading. Of course sudden and premature deaths, as well as lives unusually extended, occasionally occur, but this is a table of the average expectancy of life of an ordinary man or woman:

Age.	Years to live.
1.....	30
10.....	51
20.....	41
30.....	34
40.....	28
50.....	21
60.....	14
70.....	9
80.....	4

Our readers will easily gather from the above tabulated statement the number of years to which their lives, according to the law of averages, may reasonably be expected to extend.

BETTER THAN A SHOT-GUN.—A merchant doing business near the foot of Jefferson avenue used to spend about half his time explaining to callers why he could not sign petitions, lend small sums, buy books or invest in moonshine enterprises, but that time has passed, and it now takes him only two minutes to get rid of the most persistent case. Yesterday a man called to sell him a map of Michigan. He had scarcely made known his errand when the merchant put on his hat and said:

"Come along and I'll see about it."

He led the way to a boiler shop, two blocks distant, wherein a hundred hummers were pounding a iron, and walking up to the centre of the shop and into the midst of the deafening racket he turned to the agent and kindly shouted:

"Now, then, if you know of any special reason why I should purchase a map of Michigan please state them at length."

The man with the maps went right out without attempting to state "reasons the one," and the merchant tranquilly returned to his desk to await the next.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

THE LATE NICHOLAS CONROY, ESQ.

Within a week of the death of the lamented Judge Pope, Prince Edward Island has lost another of her prominent public men, in the person of Nicholas Conroy, Esq., whose portrait we to-day present to our readers.

We clip from the *Daily Examiner*, of Charlottetown, of the 14th ult., the following notice of the deceased gentleman:

Again the mournful task is ours to announce the death of one greatly respected and beloved in this community—one whose name has been long intimately and honorably connected with the public affairs of this Province. We learn that Nicholas Conroy, Esq., died at his residence in Tignish at 7 o'clock last evening. The affection of the brain which developed itself a few months ago, gradually overpowered him. He retreated to his home, was seized with paralysis, accompanied by deep sleep; and so passed away to his rest.

Nicholas Conroy was the youngest son of the late Thomas Conroy. He was born at Rathdowney, in the Barony Forth, Wexford, Ireland, in the year 1816. There he passed his early years and received his education. He came to the Island in 1835 and took up his abode at Tignish at a time when the westward country was one dense forest. He applied himself diligently, and soon became well known and greatly respected. In 1851 he married Catherine, daughter of the late John McDonald, and niece of His Lordship the Bishop of Charlottetown. In 1841 he was made a Justice of the Peace; and in 1845 was elected a representative of the First District of Prince County in the Island Legislature. With some interruptions, he retained his seat, until, a few months ago, he accepted the office of Registrar of Deeds for the Province. He was twice High Sheriff for Prince County; acted as Sergeant-at-Arms in the House of Assembly during a term of the Legislature, and was, for a short time, a member of the present Government.

He was a man of large heart, warm affections and generous sentiments. Though continually engaged in political conflicts, though often called upon to exercise his magisterial authority, he had no enemies; and he died as a Christian, in the midst of his weeping family, at peace with all the world.

A QUEER HOUSE.—An eccentric Englishman has recently built a house in the Quarter Tivoli for the residence of himself, his wife, and eight children, which is the talk of all Paris. It is circular, and has neither door nor window ex-

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 326.—THE LATE NICHOLAS CONROY OF P. E. ISLAND.

ternally. The approach to it is from the ground floor on to the roof by means of a ladder, which is moved up and down by machinery similar to that of a draw-bridge. There is only one floor, and that contains eighteen apartments, more or less small in dimension, looking into the centre, which is lighted from above by glazed cupola. One stove for all these rooms is in the middle, and in the summer its place is to be occupied by an exquisite parterre of flowers. A circular balcony, open to all the apartments, surrounds this space. The motive of this oddity is, of course, only known to the author of it, but everybody can see that two points are gained by it—immunity from the taxes on doors and windows, and a perfect preventative of any attempt at burglary.

ADVICE TO PROFESSIONAL MEN.—To professional men, men of business, and indeed, all who are engaged in pursuits requiring more or less severe mental work, coupled with more or less confinement, exercise is, of course, *conditio sine qua non* of the recreation to be recommended. This fact is so obvious that I need not dwell upon it further than to make one remark. This is to warn all such persons that their feelings are no safe guide as to the amount of muscular exercise that is requisite for maintaining full and sustained health. By habitual neglect of sufficient exercise the system may, and does, accommodate itself to such neglect; so that not only may the desire for exercise cease to be a fair measure of its need, but positive exhaustion may attend a much less amount of exercise than is necessary to long continuance of sound health. However strong and well, therefore, a man may feel notwithstanding his neglect of exercise, he ought to remember that he is playing a most dangerous game, and that sooner or later his sin will find him out—either in the form of dyspepsia, liver, kidney, or other disease, which so surely creep upon the offender against nature's laws of health. According to Dr. Parkes, the amount of exercise that a healthy man ought to take without fatigue is at the least that which is required for raising 150 foot-tons per diem. This, in mere walking, would, in the case of a man of ordinary weight, be represented by a walk of between eight and nine miles along level ground, or one mile up a tolerably steep hill; but it is desirable that the requisite amount of exercise should be obtained without throwing all the work upon one set of muscles. For this reason walking ought to be varied with rowing, riding, active games, and, where practicable, hunting or shooting, which, to those who are fond of sport, constitute the most perfect form of recreative exercise.



MONTREAL.—THE OLD LIME-KILN WHICH FORMERLY STOOD ON LOGAN'S FARM.



ESOPUS CREEK NEAR HUDSON, N. Y.

DOLLY—A PICTURE.

Dolly's Tavern : Temp, 1700.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, OTTAWA.

My Dolly, you're dead—and I know it—
Some hundred and seventy years ;
Yet what is an age to a poet,
When moved to or laughter or tears ?
There you stand in your beauty and blushes,
With the long ringlets gracefully drawn,
And your feet in the freshly-strawed rushes
That maybe you gathered at dawn.

Just a cook's what you were, or a waitress,
That came to the tap of the bell.
Were you light too of love, and a trait'ress ?—
There's one alive now to tell.
You're dead, like Queen Aine and her ladies,
Yet here you are smiling at me ;
Shall I call you once more out of Hades,
A crown and a kiss for your feet ?

In the world of gay wits and glad beauties
Was it ever your passion to shine,
While wrapt in your round of low duties,
In passing the chops and the wine ?
If it was not, 'twas well for you, Dolly,
Content your vocation to ply,
Far from the dangerous folly
Of moths that were fluttering high.

Come, trip it, my Dolly, and bring me
A pint of the best in the house ;
I'll buss thee, my girl, and thou'llt sing me
A catch for our merry carouse.
You'll tell me, I know, it was heinous
Dick Steele should come chucking your chin ;
Perhaps 'twas a touch of the genius ;
Perhaps it was only the gin.

Did you rap Mr. Congreve's white knuckles,
To keep down his plundering hand,
Tho' free from your fair bosom's buckles,
When the wine had his wits at command ?
Did you tremble at Swift in his powder,
And pale at the scowl of his brow ;
And his voice, was it softer or louder
When Dolly came dropping her bow ?

Did you fill Joseph Addison's glasses ?
Did you joke with John Dryden at times ?
He was free of the guild of gay lasses,
And gave them fair querdon of rhymes.
Did you envy the sparkle and splendour
When Bracegirdle passed on her way,
In beauty all smiling and tender,
To dazzle the beaux at the play ?

Was Mohun a guest ? Did you "drat him" ?
For a wicked and tearing Mohawk,
Or bribe some brave lad to go at him
Till his lordship would wither and walk ?
Did you dream that these names would be famous,
As you blushed at their whispers and jeers—
That their books would be living to shame us,
To move us to laughter and tears ?

'Tis vain to recall you, my Dolly,
A smile is the most you can give,
It was all that you gave for their folly,
'Tis all that we get who now live ;
Just a smile or a laugh that is heartless,
For a joke or a jeer that is passed,
When Cupid is drunken and careless,
And Venus is painted and fast.

Yet there you sit, ringleted, smiling,
With youth's purple light on your face ;
And here I'm my fancy beguiling,
Investing your picture with grace.
In vain ! Is the paint not bewitching
This ringleted waiting-maid wears ?—
My Dolly, you're dead, in your kitchen,
This hundred and seventy years.

FRENCH POETS OF TO-DAY.

III.

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HERÉDIA.

The fires of the sunset, the hue of the cact us-
flower, the purples and all the gold of Paul Ver-
onese or Delacroix, are almost pale beside the
glowing strophes of José-Maria de Herédia ! Ask
not from him the dreamy sadness of Léon Dierx,
the familiar grace of Coppée, the subtle phil-
osophy of Sully-Prudhomme ; born beneath the
burning sky of Cuba, what he has to offer are
fiery explosions of colour. Alike in the poem
entitled "La Détresse d'Atahualpa," and in the
sonnets, not very numerous as yet, which deal
with huntresses of Hemus, whose red hair drag-
gles in the blood of slain beasts, or Spanish con-
querors sailing into the gorgeous sunset in quest
of fresh Americas, he showers chromos, ver-
milions, and ochres in prodigious abundance,
and of a truth no one excels him in making ver-
bal sonorities produce luminous bursts of color
upon the mental retina. Are they, indeed, mere
words which he employs ? One might almost
liken his verse to solid jeweler's work, in which
carbuncles, sapphires and rubies are gorgeously
set by a skilful hand.

LA DOGARESSE.

Le palais est de marbre, où sous de hauts portiques
Conversent des seigneurs tels qu'en peint Titien.
Et des colliers massifs au poids du marc ancien
Rehaussent la splendeur des rouges dalmatiques.

Ils regardent au fond des lagunes antiques,
De leurs yeux où reluit l'orgueil patricien,
Sous le pavillon clair du ciel vénitien,
Étinceler l'azur des mers Adriatiques.

Et tandis que l'essaim brillant des cavaliers,
Traîne la pourpre et l'or par les blancs escaliers,
Joyeusement baignés dans la lumière bleue.

Indolente et superbe, une dame, à l'écart,
Se tournant à demi dans des flots de brocart,
Sourit au négroillon qui lui porte la queue.

BLASON CELESTE.

J'ai vu parfois, ayant le ciel bleu pour émail,
Les nuages d'argent, ou de pourpre ou de enivre,
Al'Occident où l'œil s'élance à les suivre,
Peindre d'un grand blason le céleste vitrail.

Pour chœur, pour supports, l'héraldique bétail,
Licorne, léopard, alicorn ou guivre,
Monstres, géants captifs qu'un coup de vent délire,
Exhaussent leur stature et cabrent leur poitrail.

Certe, aux champs de l'azur, dans ces combats étranges,
Que les noirs Séraphins livrent aux Archanges,
Cet écu fut gagné par un baron du ciel.

Comme ceux qui jadis prirent Constantinople.
Il porte, en bon Croisé, qu'il soit George ou Michel,
Le soleil, besant d'or, sur la mer de Sinople.

IV.

ALBERT MÉRAT.

At Courbevoie, one of the islands of the Seine,
there is close to the bridge a little edifice adorned
with slender Ionic columns, giving it, at a
distance, the air of part of an antique temple.
Why is it there, a solitary pagan, in the midst
of that Parisian suburb with the oarsmen in
their striped blouses passing swiftly to and fro
all day long in their light yaws ? I know not ;
but it has always seemed to me that this must
be the temple of Albert Mérat's muse ; and,
doubtless, when the shades of evening fall, and
the stars glimmer out in the sky, thither flock
in sportive troops fauns from the Ile de Crois-
say and naiads of "la grenouillère," with offer-
ings of violets not exempt from the odor of
poudre de riz, to dance to the rhythm of the
latest waltz by Léo Delibes.

Truly, Albert Mérat is, above all things, the
poet of the Parisian suburbs, celebrating better
than it has ever been done miniature scenery so
sprightly in its artificiality, those trees that are
like the forest trees in a fairy piece, those hori-
zons that are like scene-paintings, revealing the
mysteries whispered by two voices under the
cherry trees of Montmorency, and the garrulous
fun of the guingettes, and the pretty perjuries
of rosy lips, that are rosier for a sip of the "vin
de bois de campêche," which usurps the name
of "Argenteuil." Be it said, nevertheless, in
spite of the familiarity of his voice, he never de-
scends to the banalities of the "chanson ;" he
knows how to extract elegance and poetry out of
these "dimanches à la campagne," and, thanks
to a truly exquisite artistic faculty, the Asnières
and Meudons he celebrates are worthy of an
Oarystis.

LA NUIT.

C'était sur la Seine, à minuit.
Le soir d'un dimanche de fête :
Et Bongival faisait un bruit
Qui nous cassait un peu la tête.

Deux orchestres, l'un à mi-voix,
L'autre en reprises plus vibrantes,
Jouaient deux danses à la fois
Sur des mesures différentes.

Les jupes blanches frissonnaient
Dans ce décor pourtant agreste,
Et les chevaux de bois tournaient
En musique comme le reste.

Indulgent, pleine de fleurs,
La nuit, sans en être plus fière,
Mélait les verres de couleurs
Aux étoiles dans la rivière.

Et l'on eût dit, en vérité,
A voir ce spectacle mobile,
Un Songe d'une Nuit d'Été
Chatoyant et rose, à Mabilée.

Double fête, double tableau !
Clameur ici, là-bas silence,
Et l'obscur fraîcheur de l'eau
Sous le bateau qui se balance ;

Les hauts peupliers sur les bords
Dressant leur tête taciturne,
Et n'écouant que les accords
De la grande rumeur nocturne !

Quand pâlirent les lampions
Et les lampes, une par une,
Les flots menus que nous coupons
Redevinrent tout blancs de lune.

Et le subit apaisement
Nous laissa voir pur et sans voiles
Le magnifique firmament
Où brillaient toutes les étoiles.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

THE Theatre Royal of Madrid has a subscrip-
tion of 1,000,000 francs.

WAGNER has taken the Villa d'Angri, at Posi-
lippo, where he will pass the winter.

LISZT has published a pamphlet entitled, "No
more entr'acte music."

SULLIVAN has received very handsome offers
from Mapleson and Carl Rosa for an original opera.

WOLFERT'S ROOST has not been the success
hoped for it on John T. Raymond's tour, and he has had
sometimes to fall back on "The Gilded Age."

PAUL TAGLIONI, director of the ballet at the
Royal Opera, Berlin, recently celebrated his fiftieth an-
niversary as a member of this institution.

BENVENUTO CELLINI, a new opera, by M.
Diaz, author of the "Coupe du roi de Thule," has, it is
reported, been received at the Grand Opera, Paris.

MR. JOHN HARE, manager of the St. James
Theatre, London, has had a play written for him by
Robert Buchanan, the poet.

VIENNA has a new ideal—a Zulu Concert
Troupe, with choruses in the native tongue. Wagner is
the man to work such a party in a new aboriginal tri-
ology.

THE latest addition to the list of musical pro-
digies is one Maurice Dengremont, a violinist only
twelve years of age, who has made an unprecedented
success in London in the performance of Mendelssohn's
violin concerto at one of the Crystal Palace concerts.

"PHONOGRAPHY MADE EASY," by Prof. J. A.
Mauseau, 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, 110 pp., with cuts and gilt
title, 75c., at Beauchemin & Valois, Publishers, Montreal.
For particulars see CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, page
295 of vol. xx.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents
will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Thanks. Cor-
rect solution received of Problem No. 250.

T. S., St. Andrew's, Manitoba.—Correct solution re-
ceived of Problem No. 247, and also of Problem for
Young Players No. 244.

E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Pro-
blem for Young Players No. 247.

R. F. M., Sherbrooke.—Correct solution received of
Problem for Young Players No. 246.

The Chess season may be said to have commenced
fully in Canada at the present time, and already we hear
of proposed matches between rival clubs, and also con-
tests which are to be carried on within the familiar walls
of the players' club room.

The members of the club at Quebec intend, as usual,
to begin a series of home matches, and as their custom
is to invite their friends to be present during hostilities,
we are sure they will have many spectators.

Such a practice is calculated to be very beneficial, as
it creates a public interest in the noble game, which is
much needed here as well as elsewhere. If we want to in-
crease the number of Chess votaries among our young
people of both sexes, no better plan can be adopted
than to allow them to witness contests over the board by
the best players of the locality in which they reside,
and, in this way acquire a taste for an innocent and in-
structive amusement.

(From the Dramatic News.)

The answer to the question—"Who is the best Eng-
lish player?" depends very much upon the sense in
which the word is used. At the first blush it might
seem that there was no difficulty as to this point, the
"best player" being rightfully the title of him who in
the last great set match, or international tourney, has
come out first prize-winner.

But to this I reply : Circumstances may have prevent-
ed a better man from taking part in the contest, and why
thus should the actual conqueror be placed over his
head ? To this it may be rejoined that the man who was
ready to play, and has played and won, is entitled to the
first place. Even if the better man had played, it is not
a certainty that he would have won.

To this I answer : Well, the conqueror may be pro-
nounced the best, but only so far as the circumstances
admitted of his proving himself to be so. Moreover, in
many cases success has been to a very large extent
achieved owing to the winner being in form for play ;
owing to his having most, if not all of his time at his
own disposal—in short owing to his being in matters
apart from the game a professional drone. But that the
title best, does not necessarily belong to him who so ob-
tains it is evident from facts. Thus Staunton, Buckle,
and Boden enjoyed successively the English champion-
ship although during a portion of their tenure of it they
engaged in no serious matches and won no great victo-
ries. The superiority of each of these players was for a
time so self-evident that all reasonable and competent
critics acknowledged it.

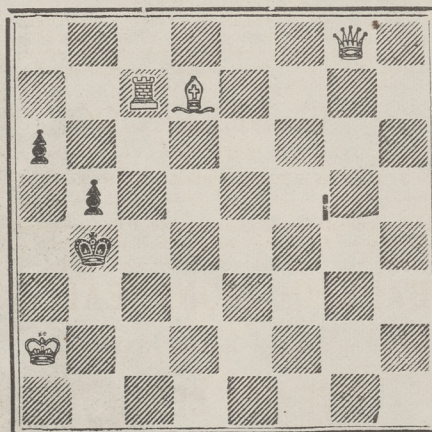
It follows then that the title of best was not always
accorded to the man upon whose brow the laurel wreath
of victory bloomed greenest, and this seems to me but
fair. Certainly it is accordant with a principle that ob-
tains in analogous cases. Thus in answer to the ques-
tion—"Who is the greatest general of this age ?" no just
man would say Sir Garnet Wolseley, so long as Moltke
lives.

Again, no man would be justified in declaring the win-
ner of the Derby this year to be superior to the winner last
year. But if the title of best is to be given according
to this interpretation of the word, then I think the
champion can be easily singled out. We have but to go
down the names of the winners in the various first-class
matches and tourneys that have taken place during the
last two, or five, or ten years, and the highest scorer in
the aggregate is the champion. But I am inclined to
hold that the best player is the best game-maker, he
who, out of the games he plays produces the largest
proportion of games acceptable to critics generally ac-
knowledgeed to be competent—who sets before us the
prettiest pictures, and exhibits the most masterly
strategy. Perhaps after all, the fairest way of deciding
the question is to consider it with reference to the two
meanings I have ascribed to the word best ; and if this
course be adopted, I think the majority of good judges
would pronounce Mr. Blackburne to be the most deserv-
ing of the title ; and I am all the more willing to bestow
it upon him because he is a singularly modest man. A
few days ago I asked him this very question, "Who is
the best ?" And his answer was, "There is no best ;
there are about six or seven perfectly equal." I believe
he referred to the following : Messrs. Potter, Wisker,
Burn, Boden, MacDonnell, Bird, and, of course, himself.
I am not now counting Americans, or of course I should
include in the list Messrs. Mason and Mackenzie.

PROBLEM No. 251.

By W. A. Shinkman.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 37TH.

(From Chess Masterpieces.)

Played between Messrs. Wisker and MacDonnell, in
1874.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE.—(Mr. MacDonnell.)	BLACK.—(Mr. Wisker.)
1. P to K B 4	1. P to Q 4
2. P to K 3	2. P to K Kt 3
3. Kt to K B 3	3. B to Kt 2
4. B to K 2	4. P to Q B 4
5. Castles	5. Kt to Q B 3
6. Q to K sq	6. Q to Q Kt 3
7. Kt to Q R 3 (a)	7. Kt to K R 3

8. K to R sq	8. P to Q R 3
9. R to Q Kt sq	9. Q to Q B 2
10. P to Q Kt 3	10. Castles
11. B to Q Kt 2	11. P to Q Kt 4
12. B takes B	12. K takes B
13. R to Q B sq	13. P to K B 3
14. P to K R 3	14. P to K 4
15. Kt to K R 2	15. B to Kt 2
16. P to Q B 3	16. Q R to K sq (b)
17. Q to K B 2	17. Kt to K B 4
18. P to K Kt 4	18. Kt to Q 3
19. B to K B 3	19. P takes P
20. P takes P	20. Kt to K 5
21. B takes Kt	21. P takes B
22. K to Kt sq	22. Kt to K 2
23. Kt to Q B 2	23. P to K Kt 4
24. P takes P (c)	24. P takes P
25. Q to K 3	25. Kt to K Kt 3
26. P to Q Kt 4	26. R to K B 6 (d)
27. P takes R	27. P takes R
28. Q to K B 2 (e)	28. R to K 7
29. Kt to Q 4	29. P takes Kt
30. Q takes P (ch)	30. K to R 3

Resigns.

NOTES.

(a) Not an advantageous move.
(b) Black has now the better game.
(c) Very injudicious.
(d) A winning move.
(e) Had he taken the Rook the game would have been
won by force in a few moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 249.

WHITE.

1. R to B sq
2. R to Q R sq
3. R or B mates acc.

BLACK.

1. K moves
2. Anything

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 247.

White.

1. Kt to Q B 7
2. P mates

Black.

1. P moves

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 248.

WHITE.

K at K sq
Q at K 3
B at Q sq
Pawns at Q 4
and K Kt 5

BLACK.

Pawn at Q 4
K at K Kt 3

White to play and mate in three moves.

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Land Commissioner Hudson's Bay Co.
Montreal, November, 1878.

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Dept. of Railway,
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By order, **F. BRAUN,**
Secretary.

Dept. Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 7th Nov., 1879.

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(Signed) **GEO. A. PAYNE.**

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City and County of New York, } ss.
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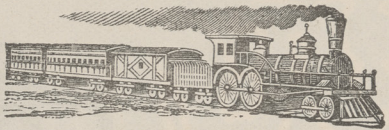
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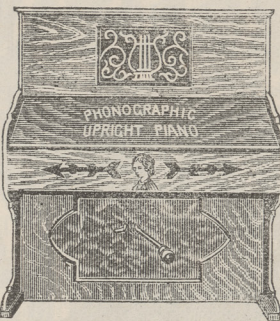
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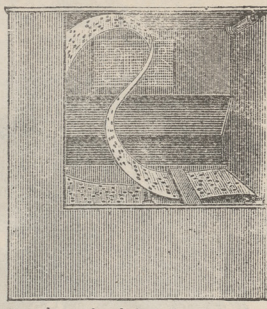
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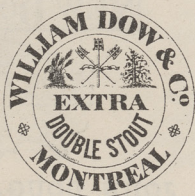
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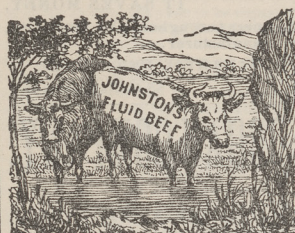
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